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Weird Dangers In Visiting Other Worlds

Prof. Rudaux Explains the Unearthly Perils That Must Be Faced by Travelers Who Seek to Explore the Planets When Science Invents a Vehicle for Such a Voyage

In Traveling Through Space the Rocket Might Encounter One of Those Innumerable Celestial Bodies Which Circulate in Every Direction and Which, When They Cross the Earth's Pathway, Produce Meteorites and Shooting Stars. On Account of the Terrific Speed of These Bodies No Maneuver by the Machine Could Be Made Quickly Enough to Avoid a Fatal Collision.

The Direction of the Machine Might Be Changed by a Failure of Power and It Might Fall Into the Sun or Approach So Near That the Bodies of the Travelers, Already Dead from Suffocation or Heat, Would Be Completely Burnt Up.

During the Journey Through Space a Traveler Might Be Stricken Dead by a Minute Celestial Fragment Which With Terrific Speed Would Penetrate the Walls of the Machine Like a Rifle Bullet or a Fragment of a Shell.

By PROF. LUCIEN RUDAUX,
The Distinguished French Astronomer and Director of Donville Observatory, France.

CHAPTER II.

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(Concluded from Last Sunday)

LAST week we considered the array of perils that would confront the first man to step out of an interplanetary ship and set foot on a world where Nature never meant him to go. To do this it was assumed that he would be able to get there alive, which is assuming a lot. The ship itself is entirely within the range of theoretical possibility. Of course, the wings and propeller by which an airplane rides the air would be useless in the airless void between the planets.

The most feasible method suggested at present is the recoil principle of the rocket. Anyone who has felt the kick of an old-fashioned army rifle can understand why a rocket kicks itself ahead as long as its powder lasts.

If a rocket could carry enough explosive it would go right up out of the earth's atmosphere and then, free from the friction of the air, increase its speed by leaps and bounds until it reached a point known as the critical distance where it would be beyond the power of gravity to pull it back to the earth. Then, should the powder give out, it would keep right on going forever as far as this world is concerned. Such a rocket, if correctly aimed, would eventually reach any member of the solar system.

To carry passengers, or rather crew, for they would all be hard at work, and get them back again, would require much more than that. It would have to carry fuel for the return trip, have a method of starting slowly enough, not to kill everyone with the concussion, and when the other world was reached be able to slow down from more than seven miles a second to almost nothing.

Besides all this there would have to be a large forward compartment to house the crew, the scientific instruments, the controls and all the supplies needed in a long ocean voyage. In addition there would be oxygen tanks and chemicals for absorbing the carbon dioxide as fast as it was added to the air by the lungs of the crew.

There must of course be a steering apparatus. A water ship steers with a rudder gripping the water, an airplane by a rudder and ailerons, gripping the air and a car by changing the angle of the front wheels. None of these methods would affect a ship plunging through the vacuum of space. To steer in that emptiness, the helmsman would have to change the angle of the tube through which the gases blast their way out or to send them through tubes set at other angles.

The living quarters, windows and all, would necessarily have to be perfectly airtight, otherwise the precious air would leak out and the ship soon be carrying only corpses. Having passed the critical point at a speed of seven miles a second, the pilot could shut off the power and coast all the rest of the way without losing speed and in such a profound silence as never exists on earth. But this would not mean that the crew would have nothing to worry about until the other world was reached—the planet Mars, for instance, which would be in 90 days and 15 hours, at that speed.

All sorts of things never faced on this world would begin to happen. For one thing they would be plunging through the absolute zero of interplanetary space, equivalent to about 461 degrees below zero, Fahrenheit. To prevent this merciless cold from penetrating and making icicles of the crew would call for the most perfect insulation and much artificial heat, except for one fortunate thing. This cold would be only on the dark side of the car. The other, baking in the unmitigated fury of the sun, unshielded by any envelope of air would heat the bright side to somewhere near the temperature of boiling water.

The best answer to that situation probably would be to make the car do what Mother Earth does: Revolve slowly. Once started revolving it would keep it up without further expenditure of power. It would not be pleasant to travel in a railroad coach that revolved because when it made a half revolution the passengers would fall out of their seats to the ceiling directly under them. In an interplanetary ship, nothing like that would happen.

As soon as they pass the critical point and turn off the power, they will be weightless creatures, floating in the air like ghosts, or like fish in the water. They cannot walk on the floor because at the first step they will rise slowly but majestically up to the ceiling and have to push themselves down. They can swim slowly through the air or, with fans, row themselves around more rapidly. Probably the cabin will be lined with ropes or rods by which they will pull themselves around hand over hand, their weightless bodies streaming out behind them.

Jules Verne, the most correctly imaginative writer for his age that ever lived, imagined men, shot in a cannon ball to the moon and told of their floating around in the air of their projectile with such problems as wine refusing to pour out of inverted bottles. Medical science suspects that there might be more serious troubles. It has been millions of years since man's fish ancestors came out of the water and reased being weightless fish. The circulation of the blood and perhaps many other important functions may be rigged to work properly only in connection with gravity. And even in fish the organs are held in place somewhat by gravity.

The windows on the bright side would be heavily shaded to keep out that cruel sun. If the pilot must look in the direction of the sun it would have to be through heavily smoked glass.

The space between the worlds is a vacuum but, unfortunately, that does not mean that nothing passes through that vacuum but the sun, its planets and their moons. Flying through it at speeds many times faster than bullets are all sizes of projectiles. The small ones cannot be seen even in the most powerful telescopes but they make themselves known when they strike the upper layers of the earth's atmosphere where, melted by friction with the air, they reveal themselves as gleaming meteorites. Mostly they get to the ground only in the form of ashes but sometimes a meteor is big enough to come roaring all the way down and bury itself deep in the earth. These celestial missiles are often solid metal, such as iron and nickel.

All the planets circle the sun in about the same plane but a ship sailing from the earth to Jupiter would do well, soon after passing Mars, to detour out of that plane and avoid the fragments of what seems to be a wrecked planet. Some 600 of these planetoids, averaging about 25 miles in diameter, have been seen and it is presumed there are millions of smaller ones. Collision with one of these big ones would smash the car and its crew into atoms.

An alert pilot might be able to see one 25 miles in diameter in time to turn on the power and dodge it even if they were approaching at a combined speed of many miles per second. But he could not hope to see the smaller ones and one, even as large as a marble, hurtling along at such speed, would pierce the steel sides of the ship like paper, and also the body of any man who happened to be in the way. The other men, if they were quick enough, might plug the two holes in time to save most of the air from rushing out and they would carry reserve air tanks for such an emergency.

It is known, however, that where there is one of these small missiles there are usually many, in fact, swarms of them. In that case, the ship would be riddled. Its sides pierced like a sieve, and its crew with bodies first exploded by the vacuum, like deep sea fish brought to the surface, and then frozen to absolute zero, the wreck would keep right on its course to final destruction against the planet it meant to visit. The same thing might happen on the homeward trip, causing the ship to descend like a blazing meteor, perhaps on some city with such explosive force as to destroy an entire block.

Should the ship's power stall while off its course, perhaps detouring around some celestial obstacle, its fate and those of all on board may be a sort of ghastly cold-storage preservation. It would be moving at a high rate of speed that might carry it out of interplanetary space into the bottomless depths of interstellar space where, with luck, it might go on for all eternity without being hit by anything big enough to destroy it.

On the other hand it would be so aimed as to fall afoul of the gravity grip of one of the planets, possibly even the earth itself in such a way that it would revolve around it forever, as a tiny extra moon.

In that case for hundreds of years other ships would occasionally range alongside and cameras take pictures of that early pioneer vessel and its crew preserved forever in the frost of absolute zero.

Still another possibility is that it would plunge downward toward the sun, miss it, swing sharply around, as comets do, and go hurtling off into interstellar space for years and years, finally coming back to miss the sun again, as the comets do.

Astronomers would be able to predict its return and each time there would be a great crowd of photographers and newswriters to see if the ship or its

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Fashion "Talks Turkey"

The Demure Young Woman in the Photograph Above Is Wearing a Jacket and Hat Ensemble Made of Guinea Hen Feathers. The Feathers Look Very Much Like Those Plucked From Turkeys and, at the Moment, Designers Are Going in More and More for the Coverings of the Barnyard Gobblers.

READERS of The American Weekly will recall a recent article in the magazine revealing the keen interest of Paris fashion scouts in this country's "barnyard" fashions.

It may seem a bit on the silly side for the wandering observers for the world-famous style salons of the French capital to bother with outfits made of such homely materials as feathers off the backs of gobbling turkeys and chicking hens. Or for them to travel around to the various coronations of crop queens to see what these royal representatives of Democracy are sporting in the way of ensembles concocted of such agricultural items as spinach, celery, the blossoms of the apple, orange and cherry tree, the snowy boll of the cotton plant and even such crude products of the soil as the warted cucumber and the lumpy potato.

But the reporters for the Parisian fashion czars never know where they're going to run into new ideas and they take no chances by ignoring the American hinterland. That's how the fetching feather jacket the young woman is shown wearing in the photograph at the left came about. It was inspired by a California woman who raises turkeys for a living and had the bright idea of designing herself an outfit of the birds' speckled covering.

Not long ago the farmers of Oregon elected a Turkey Queen, who managed to look as modish in a handful of turkey feathers as a Parisian manikin swanking around before a committee of out-of-town buyers in an ermine evening wrap. Another up-and-coming resident of a farm in the Middle West went into the henyard, picked up enough grey and white feathers from her Barred Plymouth Rock biddies to make into a short coat—and just about clinched the fashion note so charmingly shown in the becoming hat and jacket on this page.

It so happens that the raw material in this case did not originate on a turkey farm. The feathers are those of the guinea hen, a sort of second cousin of the turkey with feathers of similar coloring and texture. This is no criticism of turkey feathers as material for the modistes of Paris to sponsor to the well-dressed women of the world. On the contrary, the guinea hen outfit broadens the field and should help to popularize a vogue for so-called barnyard fashions.

The feathers from common domestic fowl are, in the opinion of experts, as durable and becoming as the exotic plumage of such rare birds as the peacock, the Bird of Paradise and the egret—and nowhere near so costly. Then, too, it is easier to get a ton of such feathers than a pound of the fluffy stuff from the rarer denizens of the jungles and the marshes.

Within the past few months bales of turkey and chicken feathers have been brought to Paris by liner, train and plane, and the feather ensembles are beginning to make their appearance at the opera, the race track and the smart night clubs.

The Busy "Botanists" Revealed as Peeping Toms

Here Are a Couple of the "Flowers" which the Czechoslovakian Peepers Discovered During One of Their Outdoor Study Sessions in Lovers' Valley, Not Far From the City of Prague. For a Long Time the Citizens of the Community Really Thought the Snoopers Were Amateur Scientists Interested in the Blossoms That Grow in the Woods and Fields.

"THE BOTANISTS," as a certain club of Czechoslovakian youths is called, have for years been encouraged by the elders and educators of Prague in what seemed a praise-worthy program of week-end "field studies." It was felt that the amateur scientists were doing a good thing in studying the woods and fields on the outskirts of the metropolis.

But the curiosity of the students was hardly the kind that was credited to them. This was found out recently by a nervous young couple who wandered into the romantic forest one Sunday. The escort, unused to woodland sounds, imagined every sound of the wind and leaves to be the footsteps of an interloper. His unnatural alertness had its reward—he really was being watched through a telescope by one of the Botanists.

The "student," in his zeal, had come so close as to be visible and, though the "peeping tom" got away, he left his telescope behind him. The furious male who had been spied upon reported the incident to the police, and so it got into the papers.

It is difficult to understand how the Botanists were not discovered before. Perhaps members of the group were caught at their sport often, except that the couples being spied upon neglected to mention their visits to the popular beauty spot, known as Lovers' Valley.

But gradually the word spread around that the busy Botanists were looking for more than "blossoms." The publicity brought about by the indignant suitor only made official what previously was more or less of an open secret. By some not-so-strange coincidence, the Botanists do their flower-hunting in the very Lovers' Valley outside of Prague most frequented by idyllic couples for picnics, outings, and such.

But their reaction to the knowledge that the "peeping toms" are around is perhaps the most surprising aspect of the interesting situation. In most countries it's a stigma to be called a "peeping tom," but apparently not so in the case of the telescope-carrying amateur "scientists." Most of the citizens of Prague seem to be amused by the exposure of the group's real purpose. The police have been approached once or twice but they just smile and say that "botany" is not illegal in their bailiwick. Even the couples, for the most part, do not seem to mind that others may be watching their romantic antics.

The Botanists, as can be seen from the pictures on this page, work hard at their studies and thoroughly enjoy the work. The club's waiting list has leaped in number since its sudden prominence, but the present members, for obvious reasons, want to keep the organization small and exclusive.

The Sign in the Clubrooms of the "Botanists," Showing Their Symbols, a Spyglass and a Walking Stick.

14 Wives for the Champ Bigamist

EVERYBODY knows that some men, too lazy or lawless to get a divorce, marry, second wives without bothering to get rid of the first. But a champion among bigamists recently was arrested in Galatz, Rumania, charged with having married 14 women and being the father of 29 children. It will possibly not surprise many to learn that this 52-year-old man, whose name is Vasile Florea, is a traveling salesman.

His work was literally his pleasure. The wives knew he was a salesman and did not expect him to be home much. Thus he would stop in at the homes of his various women whenever they were on his route. Instead of lodging at a tavern where food and service were bad, he found the comforts of home in almost every town he stayed at. The wives, with one or two exceptions, were satisfied with the small income Florea provided each of them. He was always complaining of how bad business was. In short, it all worked out beautifully for years—until one day Mitritza, his youngest wife, decided to divorce him. Then it was that her lawyers began to find out about Florea's wholesale marriage practices.

Perhaps most fantastic of all the facts they uncovered is that by actual count there are among the traveling salesman's wives no fewer than seven farmers' daughters. Among these there is weeping and lamenting. To them the old gag about traveling men and country girls is no joke.

A Union for Brides

ALTHOUGH unionization seems to be invading all walks of life, few persons expected it to apply to brides. Yet Miss Sylvia Leonard, of Southampton, England, recently began a mass drive for brides to demand better marriage conditions.

The "Love Union" requires the groom to pay for all wedding expenses, including the bride's fare while she buys a trousseau. He must accept her choice of wedding guests even if her friends are preferred to his. And he must buy her a completely furnished house, if possible with a maid.

The Bride's Union warns that all the pretty girls must join, or else the male will jilt his fiancee for prospects who are less demanding. If he finds a united front, however, he will either have to accept terms or remain a bachelor until such time as the Bride's Union is strong enough to force him into marriage. That's how the members of the new organization feel about the situation, anyway.

One of the "Botanists," Working Alone and Evidently Getting a Kick Out of the Pretty "Blossom" He Has Spotted With His Telescope.

No Arms and Legs, But Earns a Living

MANY persons consider themselves helpless invalids after losing a hand or a foot. To them the achievement of Pierre Mathieu must come as something of a shock and, perhaps, an inspiration. His injuries top them all, for he is not merely crippled in one, two or three limbs. He lacks all four. Yet, for forty years, he has supported his father and mother in Quimper, France.

To look at him, it's hard to imagine him as anything but a circus freak. But rather than commercialize his misfortune, he works hard in his country cottage, making doll furniture by holding the tools of his trade between his teeth.

His neck muscles have become powerful and well-developed, so that using his teeth as a vise he can chisel, hammer, carve and paint raw wood into toys. His success truly depends on the use of his head.

Mathieu is the final proof that a man can only be down, but not out.

An Actual Photograph of the "Botanists" Peering Through Their Powerful Spyglasses at the Romantic Couples That Seek the Supposed Privacy of a Wooded Spot Outside the Czechoslovakian Capital on Sundays and Holidays. The Lovers Continue to Meet in the Spot Despite the Knowledge That the "Botanists" Are in the Neighborhood Spying on Their Amorous Antics.

Judge So Honest He Fined Himself

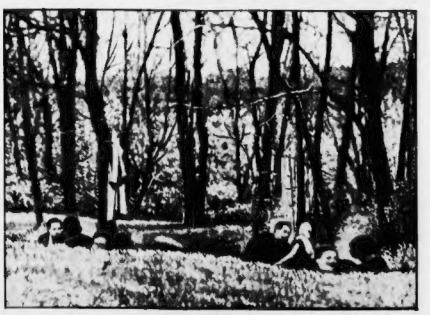
LAST YEAR, when a New York judge fined his own wife for a traffic violation, it was regarded as the last word in justice. But now the noblest example of legal self-punishment belongs to Monticello, Indiana, where Justice of the Peace William R. Howard caught himself driving through a traffic light.

He was not one to pretend that charity should begin at home. True, he could have let himself off, for nobody saw his traffic violation. But Justice Howard, even had he believed in the ancient Spartan code that a man is not guilty of a crime until caught, had, as an officer of the law, caught himself red-handed. He was in no mood to be generous to a fault. After all, who is more responsible than one who knows the law inside out and passes judgment on others? "What's good for the goose is good for the gander," goes the saying, and if others had to go to court for such an offense, so would he.

Convinced that a man should practice what he judges, Justice Howard placed charges against himself. A little mental bribe would have been easy, a promise to himself not to do it again; but he did not choose the easy way. Formally he held court for his own case and accused himself of misdemeanor.

There still was a chance to get out of it. He could plead not guilty. But, letting his conscience be his guide, and knowing his own eyes to be truthful witnesses against him, this remarkably honest man confessed his error.

Even then, acting as Justice of the Peace, he could have let himself go with a warning. Instead he fined himself one dollar and costs. One loophole was left—he could suspend his sentence. But no, he insisted on the entire fine—and thereby established a new high for official honesty.



A Long-Distance View of Couples in Lovers' Valley, the Happy Hunting Grounds of the "Botanists" Who Recently Were Exposed as Peeping Toms, But Who Are Keeping Right on With Their Field Work.

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Loved, Wed—Then Found They Were Brother and Sister

Cruel Trick of Fate That Brought Together the Young Farm-Hand and His Employer's Adopted Daughter, Led Them Secretly Into Marriage and Then Blasted Their Lives by Revealing Their Relationship When It Was Too Late

Ben Ipock, Who Believed His Strange Attraction for Mary Lee Was a Romantic One, and It Led Him to Stay on a Job on the Williams' Farm to Be Near Her.

When the Letter from the Orphanage Came, It Brought News That Did Not Surprise Mrs. Williams. It Stated That the Records Showed Ben and Mary Were Brother and Sister. "How nice," Mrs. Williams Exclaimed, "that you have found each other." But Mary Lee and Ben Stared at Her, Horrified. Then Mary Lee Gasped: "Ben and I have been married for a month."

Mary Lee Williams, 21, Who Was Stunned by the Sudden Revelation by Her Foster-Mother That Her Husband Was Her Own Brother. This Photograph Shows Her Unmistakable Resemblance to Her Brother's Photograph on the Extreme Left.

FEW couples were ever happier during the first month of marriage than Ben Ipock and Mary Lee Williams, but the arrival of a letter from an orphan asylum changed everything by bringing the stunning news that the bride and groom were really brother and sister and leaving a quick annulment of their marriage as their only course. That all happened a few weeks ago and now, recovering from one of the cruelest and strangest emotional experiences that ever entangled a man and woman, Ben and Mary go about the Williams farm, near Chilhowee, Missouri, watching each other with wondering eyes.

It took fate exactly 20 years to develop the plot of this pitiful romance truly stranger than fiction.

On a rented farm in Shannon County of the same State, Grant Ipock was struggling along, not doing very well with his other crops, but raising a bumper one of seven small children. Then, in 1917, his wife Sarah, worn out with toil and child-bearing, died.

Mr. Ipock went to a hiding place, known only to him and Sarah and now only to him and brought to light a small roll of bills. They were Sarah's "hen egg" painfully accumulated, almost a penny at a time, not against a rainy day for all their days were rainy, but against a real catastrophe. This had now arrived and there was just enough to bury the woman who had saved it.

She was gone but the catastrophe remained. Seven children to feed and clothe but nobody to cook or tend them. Minnie the oldest was only 14. Mary Lee had just passed her first birthday and Bennie the next youngest was a little more than three.

The bereaved farmer looked at that hungry little line-up and knew he was beaten. He hitched up and drove to Eminence, the county seat where Sheriff A. E. Akers kept the peace. Grant asked the sheriff how to go about entering the seven in an orphanage. Finally the two oldest boys, Fred and Ed, were placed with relatives while the rest, Ethel, Minnie, George, Mary Lee and Bennie went to the Missouri Orphan's Home at Jefferson City.

Two years later, almost on the same day, came letters to the orphanage, asking to adopt a boy and a girl. Down at Mountain Grove, Sid Yocum and his wife, after five years of childless life, wanted to adopt a little boy. Mr. and Mrs. Ben Williams, of Chilhowee, felt the same way except that they wanted a little girl.

In the end the Yocums picked a thin blondish boy of four whose naxve was Ben Ipock but they and everyone else called him Ben Yocum.

The boy grew up, knowing his real name and conscious of the fact that he had a lot of brothers and sisters somewhere in the world. Never did he express a desire to see any of them. However, a child from an orphanage is different from the ordinary in many ways.

Mrs. Williams, Whose Suspicion Led to the Real Facts But Who Says She Would Not Have Revealed Them Had She Known the Couple Were Married.

For one thing he has a peculiar shyness which keeps him from trying to dig up his own past or family. Ben may have had a deep subconscious yearning to reunite with his family but never been conscious of it.

For eight years he trudged to the two-room stone schoolhouse a mile from the Yocum farm, then two years at high school and after that helped with the work until he was a thoroughly competent farm hand. As happens so often that an obscure law of nature seems to be behind it, the arrival of Ben broke the spell of childlessness in the Yocum family and provided the boy with a "sister" and "brother" to play with.

Mary's situation was different. Mr. and Mrs. Williams legally adopted her and brought her up in the belief that she was their natural own, only child. She was bright but not as healthy as Ben, losing a year in school due to a touch of tuberculosis. But when that was conquered she soon caught up with her classes. Also she helped with the housework and some of the farm chores. When not busy she used to sit on the porch or at a window gazing down the road. Once when Mrs. Williamson asked why she did this the girl seemed surprised to know she had the habit and replied:

"Why, I don't know. I guess I like to see who is coming."

Ben had this same habit, and when he was a boy he also developed a restless desire to leave the farm, though he liked farming and loved the family that had taken him into its home. The Yocums asked where he wanted to go but he had no definite idea. None of the big cities attracted him, perhaps he wanted to see the ocean or foreign lands but he was not sure.

The Williamses' Farmhouse Near Chilhowee, Mo., Where a Playful Fate Threw the Two Young Orphans Together.

Recent experiments show that telepathy may really exist but still nobody knows how it works. Can it be that Mary Lee who had forgotten that she had any brothers when she looked down the road, was unconsciously sending out a telepathic call for Ben? And can it be that Ben, who was not conscious of wanting to see his sister, felt that call and responded with the uneasy urge to be on the move?

Anyhow, last Spring, at the age of 23, something moved him to set out in his little, old car, with a few dollars in his pocket. By short stages, picking up odd jobs as he went, Ben drifted gradually northward. Why he took that direction he has no idea. In a hardware store at Chilhowee, he heard someone mention that they were fencing at the Williams farm about four miles out of town and could use an extra hand. He says he went there without any psychic prompting or other motive except the hope of getting work. Also it seems that for once Mary Lee was not looking down the road when he appeared.

Mr. Williams hired the young man who did not meet Mary until late that afternoon in the kitchen. Then a thin, shy, blondish youth looked at a thin, shy, blondish girl and for a week neither spoke an unnecessary word to the other. Mr. and Mrs. Williams got the impression that they were without any common interest. In reality they were smitten with something at first sight, a fascination so strong that they were afraid to reveal their feelings. Ben managed, now that he had met Mary Lee, to make his job permanent, and as the Summer passed Mrs. Williams realized that the boy and girl must have much in common because they were together whenever possible. Yet she thought it could not be love because, in her experience, love always made young people garrulous whereas these were usually silent.

At breakfast time, on September 27, Ben announced that he had better drive down and see his family, the Yocums, and asked Mrs. Williams if he could take her daughter along for the ride. Mrs. Williams did not dream that there was any thought of marriage in their minds but would not have opposed it if she had.

After driving many miles in silence Ben took one hand from the wheel and placed it on Mary's. The girl's hand closed on it contentedly. More miles passed in silence before there was any conversation, then this was heard:

"Mary, you know I love you."

"And you know I love you, Ben."

The speedometer recorded more silent miles and they were approaching Hartville, County Seat of Wright County, when Ben spoke up again:

"I've been aiming to ask you to marry me."

"I'll marry you, Ben."

"When?"

"Any time."

"How about right here?"

"O. K. Ben."

Recorder M. C. Coday issued a license to Benjamin Ipock and Mary Lee Williams and Rev. Albert Brooks who works his farm weekdays, preaching only on Sunday, but ready to marry a nice, honest couple any time, tied the knot. But when they kissed and it was their first one, a feeling came over both that somehow they should keep it secret. They told nobody, but were no longer able to hide the fact from Mrs. Williams that they were getting quite interested in each other.

This situation might have gone on indefinitely if Ben had not swapped his car for a newer one and Mrs. Williams happened to notice that he signed the papers with the name Ben Ipock. An unusual name, it started the good woman wondering. Not wishing to betray the fact unless necessary that Mary was not her own flesh and blood, Mrs. Williams wrote to the orphanage. It took time for old records eighteen years old to be hunted through, but when the answer came it said that Ben Ipock was the brother of Mary Lee Ipock whom the Williams family had adopted. The writer hoped the brother and sister were doing well.

Mrs. Williams was delighted. A kind providence had permitted a brother to find his sister and both were much taken with each other, without knowing why. But she knew why because she now saw that their resemblance was striking. She even wondered if they had suspected the relationship. Calling them to her she happily told them the truth. To her amazement Ben and Mary looked at each other with horror in their eyes, as if they were seeing a ghost. Then the girl burst into agonized sobbing.

"Oh, if you had only told me," she moaned. We've been married a month now."

The girl's whole world crashed in that instant. The woman she loved as a mother proved to be no relation at all. But the fascinating, young stranger whom she had loved at first sight and just married was such a close relation that she must not have him. When Mrs. Williams realized what had happened, her first feeling was to wish she had not broken their hearts by telling them they were brother and sister. Even now she says she is not sure she would not have kept it from them had she known they were married. But now the dreadful cat was out of the bag never to be put back. After a long and unhappy night at the Williams farm they all drove to the Yocum farm at Mountain Grove. One look at the faces of her callers and Mrs. Yocum said:

"I know what you are going to tell me. I read in a local paper that a license had been issued to Ben Yocum and Mary Lee Williams. We did not know whether to speak or not, but we could not make ourselves believe that such an impossible thing had happened."

They consulted a Mountain Grove attorney, Charles H. Jackson, who was in court at Hartville, astounding him with their story. Equally amazed was Judge C. H. Skinker, of Bolivar, who annulled the marriage then and there.

Then they went back to the Williams farm to think it over. They are still there trying to adjust themselves to as cruel and fantastic a transformation as was ever imagined.

One who lets his fancy run away may well imagine that fate, the plotter, meant to give the queer story a surprise, happy ending but forget about it.

Of course, the marriage was void from the beginning because brothers and sisters are not permitted to marry, but the question arises of what harm would have come had Mrs. Williams and others held their tongues, permitting the pair to remain as man and wife. The threat of evil results would have hung over any children that might have been born. When brother marries sister, each contributes the same sort of heredity to the child, the good points thereby being doubled may make it a genius, but on the other hand the weak points are equally likely to double up and ruin it.

In this particular case Mary revealed a susceptibility to tuberculosis. Though this did not appear in her brother Ben, presumably it was there and, doubling up in their children, might have sent them all to early graves.

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Scarecrows That Puzzle the Pesky Birds

"Jed Huckins," the Life-size Scarecrow on the Genthner Place at Bronxen, Maine. The Crows in the Neighborhood Give Jed a Wide Berth.

"Sis," the Partner of "Jed," Is the Best Dressed Scarecrow in the New England States.

THE MOST particular scarecrow designer in America probably is Mrs. Philip W. Genthner of Bronxen, Maine. When she gets to work, she creates something that not only far outshines the average straw man of the fields but also scares the hen-hawks so effectively that they pass right over to her farm without pausing for a second look at her plump chickens.

Two of Mrs. Genthner's recent creations are shown at the left. They are Jed and Sis Huckins and they are life-size. Sis doesn't look very scary, although the forced smile on her face isn't one of welcome to any feathered invader. Jed is the boy who really turns the trick with his fowling piece and vigilant attitude. It is a real, discarded gun which he is holding, and from a short distance he has often been mistaken for a live man.

Sis and Jed this year replaced Ike who last season also did good work. Ike was a great, broad-shouldered scarecrow whom Mrs. Genthner dressed as a laborer. He wore overalls and hip boots and with his puck axe poised on his shoulder neither hawk, gull nor crow came near enough to see his fierce moustaches.

While Mrs. Genthner was busy designing scarecrows to keep birds away from her farm, five Louisiana belles, all from the town of Rayne, were equally busy in arranging themselves into what was perhaps the most elaborate and eye-pleasing scarecrow ever devised, as may be judged from the photograph at the right. But whether it was to shoo away birds or attract passing airplane pilots flying overhead or bring news cameramen rushing to the Louisiana rice fields — they refused to say.

The Louisiana scarecrow didn't stand long in the fields, of course—just about long enough for the photographers to pose the beauties in the sunshine and click the shutter. The birds avoided the goings-on.

This Quintet of Louisiana Belles, All From the Town of Rayne and Vicinity, Recently Made Themselves Into the Handsomest Scarecrow That Ever Shooed Birds Away From a Field of Crops. The Young Women Later Competed for the Coveted Job of Rice Queen of America.

PHOTO PICTORIAL FEATURE SERVICE

Red Hair No Sign Of Hot Temper?

THE popular belief that persons with red hair have violent tempers is all wrong. A blonde or a brunette is just as apt to throw dishes at her husband as a Titian-haired wife and a carrot-thatched youngster is no quicker to use his fists than one whose hair is of a less flaming hue.

So says Dr. D. B. Klein, professor of psychology of the University of Texas, who has yet to be attacked, verbally or physically, by a redhead.

"No relation has been worked out yet between a certain characteristic and a given bodily trait," he says. "The average person may remember only the outstanding examples when he forms an opinion.

"The belief that a person with red hair has a bad temper is a universal one. No doubt every person can think of an example among people he has known. We tend to forget the ones with mild tempers and remember only the hot-headed ones."

Dr. Klein hasn't yet carried out an exhaustive series of experiments to prove his contention, but he has observed many redheads on the campus and off and has come to the conclusion that there is no direct connection between crimson locks and a hair-trigger disposition. He may, some day, find time to make his point in a complete and scientific manner.

News—Baby Bites Dog

LONDON.

UNTIL just the other day 12-months-old Paul Harmer, of Buckhurst Hill, was a bouncing baby boy. Of course, to his parents, he wasn't an ordinary baby because no offspring ever is. To them he bounced better, was more intelligent and better-looking than any one of his age. But, by and large, so far as the outside world was concerned, he was just another infant. Then suddenly he became news almost instantaneously. And he did it simply by grabbing his father's pet bull terrier and biting it in the ear with his tiny teeth.

When newspaper editors heard about it they were interested. Hadn't the famous editor of the New York Sun, Charles A. Dana, said many years ago: "When a dog bites a man, that is not news, but when a man bites a dog, that is news." In the entire history of English journalism a man had never been known to bite a dog, and now Baby Paul had accomplished it.

Presses were stopped. Paul's feat was published in many a front page.

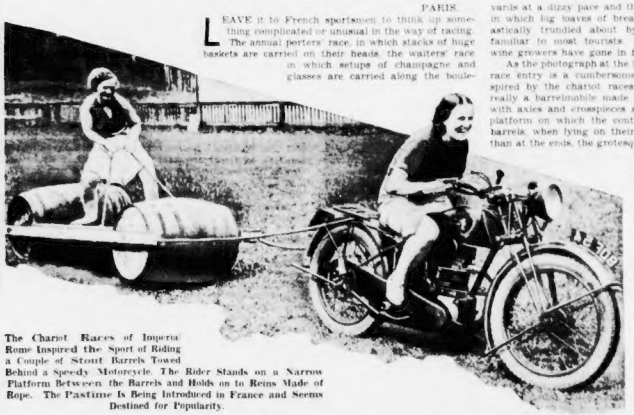
A squad of photographers rushed to the Harmer residence. Paul and the bull terrier were photographed together. The cameraman tried to get Paul to bite the dog again, but with the temperamental dignity of England's No. 1 news baby he refused.

Because he was too young, Paul's mother spoke for him. Said Mrs. Harmer: "Yes, I suppose it is news, but Paul is only a year old and has tiny teeth. The dog is big. Neither Paul nor it have suffered any ill effects."

A New Sport—Barrel Chariot Racing

PARIS.

LEAVE it to French sportsmen to think up something complicated or unusual in the way of racing. The annual porters' race, in which stacks of huge baskets are carried on their heads, the waiters' race in which setups of champagne and glasses are carried along the boulevards at a dizzy pace and the bakers' race in which big loaves of bread are enthusiastically trundled about by cyclists are familiar to most tourists. And now the wine growers have gone in for racing, too.



The Chariot Races of Imperial Rome Inspired the Sport of Riding a Couple of Stout Barrels Towed Behind a Speedy Motorcycle. The Rider Stands on a Narrow Platform Between the Barrels and Holds on to Reins Made of Rope. The Pastime Is Being Introduced in France and Seems Destined for Popularity.

As the photograph at the left shows, a wine growers' race entry is a cumbersome affair, and probably inspired by the chariot races of ancient Rome. It is really a barrelmobile made of two empty wine casks with axles and crosspieces so designed as to make a platform on which the contestant stands. Since the barrels, when lying on their sides, are much higher in the middle than at the ends, the grotesque vehicle naturally teeters when under way and it requires a fine sense of balance to steer it and to remain in a vertical position while doing so.

The power is furnished by a motorcycle which tows it along, although the vintner sportsmen may change it next year to a motorboat and hold the races on the Seine. The reason, of course, is obvious to anyone who has ever heard an empty barrel rolling over an asphalt street.

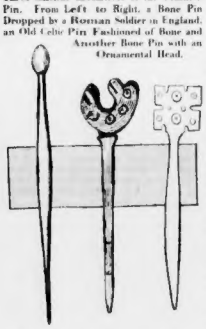
When the first race was held recently and the eight contestants on their sixteen barrels started off at the crack of the gun, the resulting noise sounded like a first-class thunderstorm taking place over a volcano while the latter was in eruption. The roaring exhausts of the eight towing motorcycles contributed their share, too, and the gendarmes holding the crowd back, after vainly trying to make themselves heard above the din, resorted to sign language.

There is no way of telling at the moment whether the sport will catch the popular fancy or not. Several French authorities in the matter of sport can't see the barrel chariot races as a permanent institution, or a substitute for bicycle, automobile or horse racing. Such tricks, they say, serve to amuse crowds for a time but they are still tricks with little real spectator interest.

The fastest barrel races were run when men, instead of women, were riding the barrels. The men, it was apparent, had more sense of balance if no more courage, than the women charioteers.

Science Studying the Ancestry of the Common Pin

Three Ancient Relatives of the Common Pin. From Left to Right, a Bone Pin Dropped by a Roman Soldier in England, an Old Celtic Pirn Fashioned of Bone and Another Bone Pin with an Ornamental Head.



WHETHER it be the ornamental pin in a woman's hat, the safety pin in a baby's three-corner panties or the plain pin that hides itself modestly in a laundered shirt, all pins have a common ancestry which goes back to the dawn of time. Recently when scientists, to whom even a pin is important, began to investigate the various forms of the pin through the ages, many unusual varieties were brought to light.

The first pin probably was developed when a primitive man tore his fur loin cloth and tried to patch up the rip by binding it together with a sharpened twig. Even in those days the inventors were busy and from that twig-pin other types were developed, among them being the trio shown at the right. The pin-thorn, cut from a bush, was a slight advantage over the twig, while the bone pins enabled the cave men to make more permanent repairs.

One of the first of the ornamental pins, also made of bone, is shown in the group at the left. Science has decided that it is of Celtic origin.

The early Greeks used pins to keep their clothes on, relying on them instead of cords, loops or tapes. They devised a sort of brooch which some scientists believe to be the genuine grandfather of the safety-pin. It was sometimes carved in an elaborate fashion and pierced the garment holding the two sides together.

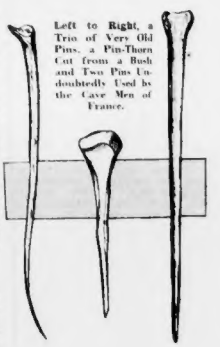
By 1347, the ordinary pin had become so important that 12,000 pins were included in the royal wardrobe of a French princess and in 1540 the pin, after going through a great many varieties of shapes and length, became standardized in England by a law stating: "No person shall put to sale any pynnes but only such as shall be double-headed, and have the heads soldered fast to the shank of the pynnes well smoothed, the shank well shapen, the points well and round filed, canted and sharpened."

Twenty years later, in 1360, brass pins came into vogue and in 1625, the first large pin factory was started in England by John Tisby in Gloucestershire.

From that time on, pins of metal extended into every part of the world and their uses multiplied. They reached their heyday in the early part of this century, when they became so murderous in length when used in women's hats that the State of Illinois was compelled to pass a law limiting their length to nine inches.

A Clay Pin Cushion Made and Used by Some Ancient Inhabitant of the British Isles. It Is in the University Museum at Cambridge.

Left to Right, a Trio of Very Old Pins, a Pin-Thorn Cut from a Bush and Two Pins Undoubtedly Used by the Cave Men of France.



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Have You Ever Had Dreams Like These?

If You Have, Here's What Psychological Science Says Is Behind French Artist Bruller's Seven Sleeping Visions

The Dream of Pursuit—Experienced by Women Only and Which Psychological Science Says Is a Woman's Subconscious Picturing Doubts of Her Security as Wife or Sweetheart.

The Never-Catch-Up Dream—a Picturing by the Subconscious of a Man's Fear That He Will Not Accomplish His Work on Scheduled Time.

The Dream of Picking Up Scattered Money—Another Subconscious Picturing of Anxiety About the Future, or Fear of Losing Property or Job.

The Dream of the Lost Object—And This Is Interpreted as Subconscious Remorse for a Desire to Get Rid of Some Person—Maybe a Wife or Sweetheart.

About the only time the janitor can straighten out his cellar is when the boss upstairs is asleep, and that's when he gets busy sorting out memories, wishes and worries, reassembling them into pictures or dreams.

The subconsciousness can't express itself in words—all it can do is make these dream pictures. Sometimes it gets things jumbled up and drags out some old notion the conscious mind has forgotten all about, and uses it to represent a new idea. Then the conscious mind just can't see any connection between the two things, and that's why dreams are often so confusing.

In the upper left corner of this page, M. Bruller presents a good example of this confusion of ideas, in a dream that only women have. It's obvious that the woman running away from a herd of angry steers is trying to escape from something that terrifies her. But why is she hugging the birdcage and why does she have on nothing except her stockings and underclothes?

The thing that terrifies her is not the fear that somebody might attack her. It's the dreadful thought of what a difficult time she would have if she lost her husband or sweetheart, as the case may be. From some dark corner of her mind, the subconscious has dragged out an old thought that a woman who depends on a man for her security is like a bird in a cage. So, in her dream, the security she doesn't want to lose is represented by a birdcage.

If she lost her man she would be as bare of happiness as if caught out in public without any clothes on—so in her dream she sees herself scantily clad. Her only hope is to climb the tree trunk, which typifies the complete understanding between her and her husband that would make it impossible for anyone to take him away from her.

The pursuing herd of bulls or cows represents the troubles she would have without a protector.

The barefooted man on the left of the page is obviously hunting for his shoes, but in this common "lost object" dream, the object the dreamer is looking for does not represent something that is actually lost, or that he is afraid of losing. Instead, it stands for some one he frequently wishes to high heaven he could get rid of, probably his wife. Many times when awake he thinks how pleasant life would be if he never had to lay eyes on her again, so when he is asleep his conscience hurts him. The subconscious, which can feel remorse, reverses the ideas, and he sees himself searching for something, always something he needs badly.

His wife may be as homely as an old pair of shoes, but however much she irritates him he couldn't be comfortably without her. If he lost her he would also have trouble traveling on to success—symbolized here by the train, which is being loaded with other people's baggage and is just about to pull out without him. He can't get to the train without climbing a tall ladder, and to do that barefooted would be mighty uncomfortable. So he must find his shoes, or, in other words, keep his wife. Yet all the time he is secretly hoping he won't find them and will have to climb the ladder in his bare feet, even though that will be difficult and painful.

The "molasses" dream show in the lower center is not so complicated. Here the dreamer is one of those timid souls who can never make up his mind about anything, so he finds himself bogged down in a field of glue, mucky clay or molasses, which represents his hopeless inability to take hold of a problem and decide what should be done about it. The dread of the future, which is always pursuing him, is portrayed by two horses' skulls, and in his arms he carries a child that looks as if it is going to die any minute—the symbol of responsibilities that are too heavy for him to carry.

The "haunted halls" dream, on the right, shows an unfaithful husband, or some one else who has done something he shouldn't, trying to hide his guilt. But his guilt appears to him as a lighted lamp, which he must carry through endless corridors. Big cats with staring eyes are crouched, ready to pounce upon him and devour him the minute he slips up—and these are the punishment or disgrace that will come to him if he gets found out. Behind him are friends who suspect the truth and wear smiling masks when he is looking at them. But the moment his back is turned they snatch off the masks and leer.

Every one is troubled at times by the thought of death—his own death or the death of some loved one. Yet death somehow seldom seems real, and for that reason people often dream that some dead relative or friend has come back. In the dream the dead person seems to be alive, and yet usually has a repulsive appearance, as if he had just come from the grave. In the center of the page, M. Bruller has portrayed this dream in a striking manner. The dead friend has joined the dreamer at a sidewalk cafe and is drinking a toast to Fate, which makes all things pass away in the end.

The Dream of the Dead Alive Again—a Common Dream Which Symbolizes Acceptance of Both Our Own Inevitable Death and the Passing Away of a Loved One.

As in most dreams, the scene is confused. In the background is the cemetery gate, but beyond it are not graves, but the surf rolling in, as a symbol that time flows on forever. And an old admiral, a great hero, sits on a skylight, a high place and therefore the pinnacle of success, a dejected figure, unable to enjoy the fame and fortune that have come to him.

In the upper center part of the page is the dream of a man who is worried all the time because he cannot meet his obligations and keep up with his work. The boat represents the great feeling of security and relief he wants so much, and would have if he could just for once get his bills all paid and his desk cleared of the work that keeps piling up faster than he can attend to it. The slimy, little creatures, swimming after him, are the petty annoyances and fears that are continually nagging at him, and the figure in the boat is his own incompetence which keeps making him miss the boat. He dreams he is wearing a top hat and evening clothes, because when he is awake he is always fretting over the way he is dressed, so he can put up a good front and keep people from suspecting what a struggle he is having.

The dreamer in the upper right corner is worried over losing his property, so he sees himself crawling along the gutter picking up gold pieces, fearful all the time that somebody will see him and take them away from him. But this is a guilty conscience, over how he built up his fortune in the first place, and the people he is afraid of walk right by without noticing him. If he was broke, he would not know where to look for a job, and this idea is expressed by having the gold spill out of such an unexpected thing as an old hat box.

The dreams which have the most significance are the recurring ones, or those which people keep having at frequent intervals over a long period of time. While these usually have some underlying meaning, it often happens that the thing which provokes them at any particular time is the sudden reaction of the nerves to some outside stimulation, such as a change in temperature or the flooding of the bedroom with light.

Thus the man who continually dreams of picking up gold in the gutter may have this dream just before he wakes up in the morning, and what starts it is the sunlight shining through the window and striking his eyelids. When his subconscious mind becomes aware of this flood of bright, yellow sunlight, it immediately pictures a flood of gold, and the next instant the man is dreaming of picking up gold pieces, as he has often done before.

Another common dream which belongs in this same class is the one in which the dreamer suddenly finds himself in some public place, wearing nothing at all. Perhaps there has been a sharp drop in temperature during the night, or the bedclothing has partly slipped off the sleeper. When the nerves send the sensation of coldness to the brain, the first reaction of the subconscious mind is to feel undressed, and this is quickly followed by a sensation of embarrassment, which is dramatized into dream pictures.

The American psychologist, Professor John J. B. Morgan, has told of a girl patient who had an interesting recurring dream in which her father seemed to be smothering her with cotton. After some questioning, he learned that the girl thought her mother did not want her, but every time she tried to speak of it to her father she felt something come in her throat like a wad of cotton and almost choke her. This is what caused her strange dream.

The Dream of the Haunted Halls—A Punishment of the Philandering Husband—or of Some One Else Who Has Done Something He or She Wishes to Conceal.

The Molasses Dream—Where the Feet Cannot Be Raised Although Terrifying Specters Pursue and Which Is Explained as a Subconscious Symbolization of Indecision.

"I ain' been syko-analised
An' truthful it may be
That what goes on inside my bed
Wood startel even me."
—Poem from a newspaper column showing an odd misprint where the printer made it "bed" instead of "head," and more truthful than he intended.

ALMOST everyone has had the dream of trying to catch a train or a boat while something holds him back and makes him frantic because he is about to get left. Almost everyone has had also the dream of trying to escape from unknown perils while struggling to get through some retarding stuff which sticks to the feet like molasses. There are other dreams which most people have in some form or another and seven of these are pictured on this page with their explanations.

M. Jean Bruller, the interesting psychological artist of Paris, is the painter of these dreams. The reader can pick the ones which trouble him and learn the reasons—and maybe by doing so get rid of them.

The subconscious mind is something like a janitor in charge of a huge basement where all the impressions which the conscious mind picks up are stored for future use. Nothing is lost, and often these impressions are shoved downstairs at such a great rate they pile up on the janitor, and some get pushed back into dark corners.

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Grief Drove Schoolma'am To Mata Hari Role

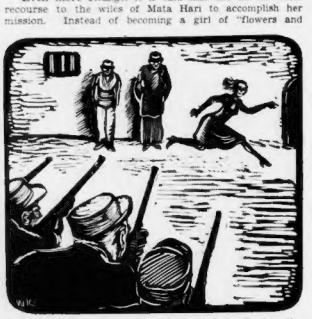
YOSHIKO HAWAKI, a native of Nagasaki, Japan, was a school teacher until a few months ago when she suddenly gave up her promising career and went to see General Doimara. "I want to be a spy," she told the visiting general from Manchuria, and thoughtfully he looked over this slip of a girl, plainly in her early twenties, but unusually pretty. Yes, she might be just the girl he was looking for to do some hazardous work in North China; it had to be known how ready Chiang Kai-shek was for war.

The general shot question after question at the girl, but she did not bend back, reedlike, as a Japanese girl is supposed to in the face of a man's opposition; she gave back as good as she received, and her eyes seemed to crackle with courage and determination. What of her family and her friends, she was asked; and then it came out. Yoshiko did not need to worry about the two who had been closest to her; one was her brother, who had been killed in a minor clash with Chinese troops nearly a year ago. He had been only 20 at the time, and Yoshiko's affection for him turned to hatred for the enemy when he was dead. In addition, her sweetheart, a Japanese army officer, had been ordered away on foreign soil with the army that is now in action in China. When the news came that he too had been killed, Yoshiko determined to throw off the shackles of her sex and enter the conflict herself. Through her contacts with the army she was able to effect an interview with General Doimara.

The following night she vanished from Nagasaki, leaving her books and spectacles behind her. Now she was a huntress of military secrets, but that could not be told from her appearance. She posed as a citizen of Korea who was dissatisfied with Japanese rule there; once in North China, she was soon able to worm her way into the confidence of high Chinese officers around Tientsin and Peiping.

Her information was invaluable to the Japanese, who were able to time their attack in the north so as to capture China's ancient capital and the largest piece of land it has taken so far.

Even more strange, it is said that she did not need recourse to the wiles of Mata Hari to accomplish her mission. Instead of becoming a girl of "flowers and



As the Guns Were Leveled at the Pretty Spy's Breast, She Decided to Make a Last Bid for Life. Suddenly She Leaped from the Ranks of the Doomed and, in the Confusion, Escaped.

willows," as immoral women are called in China, she is said to have managed her spying entirely on an intellectual plane. As General Doimara had observed before entrusting her with a mission, Yoshiko is a well-educated woman, and in addition she is well versed in the customs and philosophy of the Chinese.

It is even believed that she had a hand in the kidnaping of Chiang Kai-shek some months ago. After that event, it became more difficult than ever to stay in China. Suspicions were rife and even though Yoshiko pretended to hate Japan, her accent caused her to be distrusted. But by sheer bluff she made the generals believe that she was one of them to the bitter finish.

Her school-teacher training made it possible for her to send the Japanese high command important messages concerning the geographic "lay of the land" outside Peiping and to map out gun positions and range distances.

But the trouble was that, since the spy had to stay with the generals so as not to arouse suspicion, she had to trust a messenger, finding for this purpose a poor peasant. One night, however, the peasant was seized on the road by soldiers. Messages of the highest importance were found on him. He betrayed Yoshiko.

Without warning, she was seized and searched, but nothing that could incriminate her was found on her person or in her belongings. And, unfortunately, the peasant who had acted as her courier had been killed in anger and could no longer help the local Chinese police.

Yoshiko, however, was marched to a field bordered by a high wall. It was not a time to wait for absolute proof; suspicion was enough to provoke the death of anyone in a land where life is held so notoriously cheap. The girl found herself one of 40 victims who had been marked for death. The sun was shining gayly on the ground, but soon the earth would be warmer still with the blood of the dead. As she stood in that sunshine, the guns leveled to riddle her breast. Yoshiko determined to make a last bid for life. Suddenly she leaped from the ranks of the doomed and, in the confusion that followed, managed to escape.

In a moment the place was in an uproar. Perhaps inspired by the girl's heroism, the prisoners did what was almost unprecedented, they began to run away from the guns that were to mow them down. Apparently throwing their traditional fatalism to the wind, the marked victims scattered quickly and the police spent more than an hour before they had tracked down their victims and executed them like rats.

Then, brushing themselves and returning with mutterings, they asked each other which one of them had killed the girl. To everybody's surprise, nobody had—apparently she had escaped scot free in the confusion. The officer, cursing, gave the command to hunt the entire countryside. But the Mata Hari of the Chinese conflict had vanished. It is believed that she is only too actively engaged in her profession at the moment, and taking the lives of thousands by intrigue, all because the Chinese caused the death of the two men who meant most in her life.

Spent Years In Jail For A Murder Committed By The Setting Sun

WLADYSLAW PAWLOWSKI woke up one morning in the Winter of 1917 to the pounding of fists upon his door. Dazed and sleepy, he let in the visitors—they were German police of the tiny village of Wejherowo, now in Poland but then a part of Germany.

"We arrest you for the slaying of Benedict Schamm," was the startling announcement, and while Pawlowski sputtered and gasped his innocence, he was dragged unheeded to prison. Not until a short while ago was his innocence established and his release obtained, for Pawlowski was supposed to have been anti-German and the rich German farmer who had been killed was a former friend of his. At last, almost by chance, the fantastic circumstances that conspired against him have been dramatically explained.

Many details of the case seemed to point directly to the guilt of Pawlowski, and after the trial was over and he was mercifully sentenced to life because nobody had actually seen him do the shooting, he kept trying to figure out who had done it. Knowing the farmer Schamm as well as he did, the Polish convict could not imagine who would want to kill him. "I can't understand it," he kept telling himself over and over, until his sanity was believed to be giving way.

At Exactly the Fatal Moment the Beam of Sunlight Focussed on the Gun's Breech, a Spiral of Smoke Rose and an Explosion Rocked the Room. The Dummy Shuddered, Shot Through the Head.

The very afternoon of Schamm's death, Pawlowski had gone over to visit his friend. Their friendship had been strained a bit by the war, but on previous occasions they had managed to keep off the only subject about which they were at odds. Still, it was an overwhelming topic, and apparently on this day they gave way to it. Harsh words were exchanged, and at last Schamm told Pawlowski to leave and never come back. To make his order more effective, he took down his ancient gun which he always kept loaded against the possibility of marauders and said that if Pawlowski ever returned he would die on the threshold.

Pawlowski left indignantly but instead of returning to his own house he took a walk to cool off his anger. Meanwhile a friend had come to visit Pawlowski and finding him not there settled down to wait for him awhile. This friend heard a shot coming from Schamm's house at a distance, but said he thought it was only Schamm shooting at crows that were eating his crops. A few minutes later the visitor looked up and saw Pawlowski coming from the general direction of Schamm's farm.

Later, when the death of the wealthy farmer became known, the "friend" immediately named Pawlowski and told the circumstances as he had seen and heard them. This proved to be the final damning piece of evidence against the accused man, who previously had been only a suspect in spite of his swift arrest.

Schamm had been found lying on the sofa, a bullet hole through his head—he had been killed during a late afternoon nap, an hour after the time Pawlowski said he was ordered to go away. Pawlowski's account of the quarrel was a foolish bit of honesty and it prejudiced the Court against him. Most of his neighbors were surprised that he was not doomed to execution.

The years went by and Pawlowski kept mulling the affair over in his mind. At last he came to the conclusion that nobody had murdered Schamm, and that was when fears were entertained for his sanity. But Pawlowski believed he was on the right track; if nobody killed Schamm, it must have been an accident, and the question was how this could have happened.

Then, one day, in reading the newspaper that was permitted him in prison, he found the answer. A fire protection association had issued a warning against the direct action of the sun on combustible and explosive materials. It warned especially against intensified focusing of the sun's rays through imperfections in windows and skylights; through bottles, water jugs, goldfish bowls or even pieces of broken glass. These, the report said, can often cause a fire.

Pawlowski's heart leaped; at last he had a possible explanation of Schamm's death. The setting sun had perhaps focussed through some glass object and by pure chance had come to its burning spot at the place where the gunpowder was accessible. The sun, and not a man, had pulled the fatal trigger. Thus Pawlowski hoped, and through friends, obtained the help of a lawyer.

The authorities were amused at the suggestion that the sun killed Schamm, but had no objection to proving again what they already had decided—that nobody but Pawlowski could have done the murder. By a lucky chance the house had withstood the ravages of time remarkably well; it had not been occupied since its owner's death, but it was believed to be haunted and nobody went near it. The table was still in the place where it was the fatal afternoon, and there, sure enough, was the scorched spot where the gun had exploded and just as Pawlowski had predicted.

A scientist who had become interested in the case was with the investigators, and he soon found a flaw in the glass of one of the windows. It was again a piece of pure luck, for many of the panes in the house had been smashed by boys who seemed to think that was the way to deal with a haunted house. The age of the putty on this one showed it was the original pane, however. An experiment was suggested and the officials shrugged their shoulders and agreed to it.

The following afternoon, as the fatal hour approached at which Schamm had been shot, a tense group of policemen, lawyers and officials stood in the little room, watching as the sun came lower and got into line with the window.

On the couch was a dummy, and on the table was the gun, carefully set there by the scientist who knew at what angle the flaw's focus would reach the table. It was the same gun held by the government as an exhibit from the trial. Slowly the minutes passed. Some of those assembled moved and whispered uneasily, and the lawyer found himself too nervous to stand still. At last, at exactly the fatal moment, a spiral of smoke arose from the gun's powder box and an explosion rocked the room. Simultaneously the dummy shuddered, shot through the head.

Pawlowski was at once set free. His unwillingness to accept his fate has enabled him to escape it. He found only one satisfying aspect in the case—if he had not been jailed, he probably would have been killed in the war.

Too Much Grandma Bad For Children, Says Scientist

THE happiest memories of many a person are of childhood visits to "grandma's house." It's happy for parents, too, who come to think that the easiest way to get a vacation from their boisterous children is to send them to the grandparents for a few days.

But the habit has at last been discredited by the ever-searching scientists; it now has been found that these visits are often hard and even vicious on the children.

Of course, the children do not think there is any hardship to being with their grandmother. In fact, the youngsters would usually prefer to be with the older folks, who have more time for them and with whom things are often nicer than at home. But that is the very thing which makes the orthopsychiatrists say that it's tough for children to be around their grandmothers. What the kiddies like the most is what is least good for them, and that is the laxness with which grandmothers govern them. They are so good to the children that unwittingly these are made unable to live in the world which has the mean feature of being difficult at times. Life, in other words, is rarely like "grandma," and does not go out of its way to make things exactly as youngsters want them.

At Hamilton, Ontario, there recently was a judicial recognition of this danger. William Moffat, 17 years old, was brought before Judge H. A. Burbidge. Detectives said that Moffat toted a revolver and had been mixed up with girls. Sentencing the lad to three years on probation, the judge explained to Detective Herbert Wilson that "this boy was left in the care of his grandmother and she spoiled him. She has made a complete mess of his life."

Now was the case of Moffat an exceptional one. The outspoken judge told what is becoming known to more than one man of science. Dr. Hermann Vollmer, in a recent talk before members of the American Orthopsychiatric Association, went all the way when he said that juvenile delinquents are nothing in comparison with problem grandmothers.

"Grandmothers exert an extraordinary pernicious influence on their grandchildren," he declared to his interested colleagues. "This phenomenon represents the operation of a law which cannot be explained on the basis of the unreasonableness of this or that grandmother."

But just what this law of nature is that makes well-

Grandmothers, Says the Scientist, Frequently Go to Extremes to Hold the Affections of Their Grandchildren. This, He Believes, May Endanger the Tie Between the Youngster and Its Mother.

meaning grandma a dangerous influence is not yet known. "Some grandmothers," Dr. Vollmer said, are marvelously reasonable, but this does not keep them from exerting an unfortunate influence on their grandchildren. The difficulty arises not so much from the personality of the individual as from something inherent in being a grandmother."

His audience, composed of specialists in the handling of problem children, recalled hundreds of cases which exactly followed the pattern he described. There was, for example, Fritz Smith, described by Dr. Erwin Wexberg of the New Orleans Institute for Child Guidance. Fritz had been brought up by his grandmother until he was four years old. His grandmother thoroughly spoiled him, let him have his way in many things. When Fritz was four, he went back to his mother, but she could not do a thing with the spoiled child. Whenever she would not let him have his way, he ran away from home and "back to grandma." At school he was troublesome, then he started stealing, and by the time he was eleven years old he seemed to be a hopeless case.

Dr. Luella Cole, of California, also has cases of adults whose lives have been damaged by grandmaternal influence when they were little. One of her cases was a middle-aged man who had trouble getting along with his wife, with holding jobs, and even with wanting to make a living. He had his false start in life, Dr. Cole reports, as a result of living on the farm of his grandmother for five years.

It is strange, Dr. Vollmer points out, that grandmothers, who once may have done a splendid job in raising their own children, are often so likely to ruin the lives of their grandchildren. There are interesting psychological reasons for this, it appears. Their own babies may have been wanted or not, but women usually want grandchildren when the time comes. Having these does not inconvenience the grandmothers.

"The grandmother savors anew the sensation of being a mother," Dr. Vollmer comments. "But, unfortunately, this new lease on life finds the grandmother in a situation different from that in which she first experienced motherhood; then her attention and love had to be divided between the child, her husband, and possibly other children; now she finds herself bound to a single childish personality. Then her life was crammed with duties, tasks, and interests; now the scope of her life has dwindled to boredom.

"For this reason, the very nature of grandmotherhood engenders a peculiarly deep and tenacious tie with the grandchild. This bond is menaced in several ways; the grandchild usually spends only limited periods with the grandmother, and the tie is threatened by the child's love for its mother."

That, says Dr. Vollmer, is why grandmothers often go to extremes to gain and keep the affection of their grandchildren. Sometimes, in seeking the affection of the infant, a grandmother will turn against her own daughter. That again is why many grandmothers say their daughters-in-law don't know how to raise children.

The curious thing is that grandfathers may think the world of their grandchildren, and may buy them toys and candy. But they do not seem to develop the grandchild complex which is so severe in their wives.

What The Traffic Sleuths Learned About Reckless Drivers

THE "inside story" of why automobile owners drive the way they do has been ferreted out by science so that for the first time, recently, many curious aspects of this furious age has been cleared up. The survey that accomplished this was conducted by the Federal Bureau of Public Roads, in Connecticut. Those who made it merely sat on roadsides and quietly observed thousands of cars. They asked no questions, yet learned many answers.

One might suppose that the driver's whim alone is the pace-maker and that he is responsible for the speed registered on the speedometer. The results of the survey, however, show speed to be a less individual matter than that. Even aside from road width, local speed limits and weather conditions, there are important impersonal factors that determine speed. It was among cars going through the same roads, the same weather and the same local speed limit areas that the most interesting speed variations in speed were noticed.

It was found that the further the car had come, the faster it moved. Apparently people do not mind going in a leisurely way for many places. But when they are far from home, drivers can't afford too much time on the road, and on long trips the hours amount up annoyingly. Then too, there is usually a preliminary overhauling for such trips which puts the cars in a better condition for speed.

So, although Connecticut cars averaged about 38 miles an hour in that State, those from midwestern States averaged about 45 miles an hour in the daylight during the summer. Cars from Massachusetts went at 40 miles an hour, and from New York at more than 41.

In spite of bad weather, during a fourth of the Winter time, it was found that passenger cars and busses go much faster in Winter than in Summer. The reason for this surprising fact appears to be that, just as there are "Sunday drivers," there are also "Summer drivers," who are out for pleasure and in no hurry to get anywhere.

In spite of all that is said about "wrong" driving by the fair sex, the study showed no significant difference in the average speed of men and women drivers. Men go a little faster in the winter; women in the summer.

But backseat drivers seem to put on the brakes by a kind of remote control; they do not have to make any objections, their very presence slows the car down. That is, cars with passengers do not travel as fast, on the average, as cars with only a driver aboard. In the Winter this difference in speed is only about half a mile an hour, but in Summer it is two miles an hour.

Although in this experiment arrests were not made for speeding, license numbers of a thousand fast and a thousand slow cars were taken in order to determine what the relationship is between speed and accident. It was found that 30 percent more of the fast drivers have been in accidents than had the moderate ones. Moreover, 45 percent more accidents had taken place among the fast drivers.

There were other interesting results, as published in "Public Roads," the Federal Journal of Highway Research. The driving is faster on concrete roads than on macadam. The fastest driving occurs shortly after daybreak, but the pace slows down all day, increases a bit during the hour when people hurry home for dinner, and then falls off sharply after nightfall. The average then is nearly ten miles an hour less than in the morning.

The timing was done with the aid of a stop watch and mirrors from cars parked innocently so that drivers would not slow down for fear of a speed trap.

So useful have the findings of these traffic sleuths proven to be that other States are contemplating similar "auto detecting." It is expected that many auto accidents can be prevented in advance by such preventive and scientific roadwork. In this way the road trap of yesterday is being transformed into a service for the future.

Few drivers are consciously criminals and, invariably, they feel indignant when arrested for a violation which as often as not was caused by circumstances they couldn't control.

It is with this in mind that the law is now trying to solve the situations that make for bad driving, just as in another field the slums are being cleared away to forestall the breeding of crime. It gets results by prevention and not by punishment, according to the experts.

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Rich Mr. Ostergren's Problem of His Domesticated Manikin

Only Nineteen When He Met Her at the Night Club, but She Unexpectedly Wanted to Sew, Knit and Have Some "Blessed Events," She Complains, While Her Elderly Husband Was Always "Stepping Out"—But He Says It Was Just the Other Way

Mrs. Margaret Ostergren, the Former Manikin, Who Complains That Her Wealthy Husband Preferred a Gay Night Life to the Home Sweet-Home She Tried to Create.

Mrs. Ostergren Photographed When Not Being Domestic at the Exclusive Atlantic Beach Club on Long Island.

Mr. and Mrs. Ostergren Dining at a Fashionable Night Club and Mrs. Ostergren Doesn't Seem to Be So Depressed By It.

Betty Wyman, Highest Priced Model in the World and Sister of Mrs. Ostergren, Who, Mr. Ostergren Charges, Was Called on by His Wife for "Consultation" on Him.

WEALTHY Anders Conrad Ostergren was a gay Broadway playboy, just at the end of his "flaming forties"—Margaret Calvin was a beautiful, blonde manikin, only nineteen. They met in a New York night club and fell in love.

At once every one figured what was wrong with this picture of future happiness. Could an elderly "Broadway blade" keep up the pace? That was the one fear of their sophisticated friends, who realized that youth will be served, and a man of 49 must stay home once in a while for a night's sleep.

But, no, the rich bachelor was still able to step out with the best of them and vowed no girl could be too gay and lively for him. So they married and, sure enough, trouble came, but, according to Margaret, it was exactly the opposite of what every one expected.

It was she who became domestic, not he, she says, and now it is all over but the separation suit. Nobody can scold a woman for wanting to be the ideal of perfect womanhood, a sweet, home-loving wife, such as the poets extol. But how was rich Mr. Ostergren to suspect that a smart, up-to-date manikin he had found blooming in the Broadway night life had such an ambition in her heart?

Also it seems that young Miss Calvin assumed that a man almost 50, old enough to be her father, must be marrying to settle down, sit by the fire and have his slippers brought to him by a dutiful though beautiful wife. Surely what he wanted was a home, otherwise why did he have that fine, big apartment on Park Avenue, full of $70,000 worth of stately furniture and rent several mansions on Long Island? Apparently she thought it would be silly to ask him what he was marrying her for? As a result of this oversight, both have become very unhappy, and now, sadly disillusioned at the age of twenty-eight, Margaret has given out the following exclusive interview to The American Weekly:

"When I was married to Mr. Ostergren, I gave up being a manikin, which work I had done for several years for some of the outstanding Fifth Avenue specialty shops, concentrated on home life and did everything to set up a sweet, domestic existence. One thing I have tried to emphasize was that we would have dinner each night promptly at 7:30. My husband would come from business and I would put my arms around him and make things look like 'Home, Sweet Home.'

"But he was always nervous and showed that yen for dear old Broadway and its night life. No sooner was dinner over than he wondered why I wasn't ready to step out—he had tickets for a show, and, breathlessly, I would struggle to get into an evening gown and race off with him to the theatre. And then to supper clubs. And he often would not be satisfied with just my company, but would invite others and he would have several young girls along.

He took me to Europe several times a year. We would stop at Sweden, where he introduced me to royalty and we would be entertained in a grand manner. Party after party, there would never be a moment's peace, while inwardly I longed for a quiet home life.

"In the summer I attended carousals with my husband at swanky Long Island resorts. At one of our Long Island homes they had as many as fifteen servants. They seemed to get in my hair.

"Deep down within me, I longed to have a few peaceful, calm moments with my husband. People crowded around our home day and night, drinking all the time until the wee hours of the morning, and then they would come back early for pick-me-ups.

"I was never alone with my husband for those cherished sweet moments that are so sacred to the ordinary loving couple.

"I must give credit to my husband, however. He was a most congenial host and the pick-me-ups he served were Suissesses. They are an absinthe mixture, with white of eggs and a couple of other ingredients that I don't recall, but the Suissesses were easy to take.

"Although my husband considers himself on in years he has the vitality of a young boy. He has amazing business acumen and has always been a big success in the business world owing to his tremendous energy, coupled with his business sagacity.

"However, I suppose it was due to this excess energy that he was able to galavant around in the night life with the pace of a typical Broadway playboy. Funny thing, even as early as breakfast time, while I was planning to rearrange some of the furniture and make some new curtains, my husband's thoughts flitted across the day to nightfall, and he advised me to prepare dinner for so many extra guests that night. I would spend the intervening day busy with the making of curtains, embroidery work, sometimes knitting and sometimes making my own gowns, and then with the arrival of evening would start the frenzied rush all over again.

"In this hustle-bustle gay life I missed the little tendernesses, the sweet, husbandly caresses. We never even had time out from the social whirl to take up the subject of a 'blessed event' seriously. True, at one time I did have hopes of having our own little family. But those hopes faded with the hectic night life existence.

"I do not deny that I did follow my husband on some of his night life excursions, but I went along just to be a good sport. In no time I was weary of it all and I honestly craved to settle down to the blissful routine of pots and pans and a cosy evening at home.

The only redeeming feature Margaret can recollect happens to be about the most unlikely to please such a domestic-minded wife, those Suissesses he used to make. They must have been wonders, but, alas! she doesn't remember exactly how they were mixed.

The trouble with the modern Suissesse is that the original absinthe, containing extract of an herb known as wormwood, has been prohibited in the United States for more than twenty years.

This suggests the probability that Mr. Ostergren, along with his antique bric-a-brac, laid in a large stock of the original liqueur when it could still be purchased legally. This thought is confirmed by the fact that his business is importing fine wines and liquors.

Like many another, Mr. Ostergren says he saw his wealth swept away in the 1929 crash, about a year after they were married, but even this did not drive him to that love in a little cottage for which his wife pined, she mourns. If Mrs. Ostergren is to be believed, it failed even to cramp his playboy activities appreciably.

In 1935 this difference of life philosophies had so gotten on their nerves that she left her husband with an alleged oral agreement for him to send her $250 a month. She says that he did send it for the first six months.

Margaret, in one of her affidavits, confesses that she is an optimist, which must be true, because she interpreted the reduction and finally the stoppage of the checks to her husband's unexpressed desire to make her return to his bed and board. He was 58 now and by this time, she thought, should be ready to appreciate that rare and priceless jewel, a home-loving wife.

With this in mind, last July she decided to give Anders a glad surprise by coming back without warning. The housekeeper let her into the splendid Park Avenue apartment and neither of them disturbed Mr. Ostergren because just then he was telephoning.

Like the dutiful wife she says she was, Margaret put her husband's business before pleasure and let the delightful surprise wait. Meanwhile, full of hopes and happy memories, she went to the boudoir she had occupied of old. When Mr. Ostergren hung up, his housekeeper broke the good news to him, and this, according to her affidavit, is how the glad reunion turned out:

"As I was removing my clothes from my luggage, my husband entered. The scene that followed and the words hurled at me by the defendant were most humiliating. He shouted:

"'What do you mean, walking in here?'

"To which I replied that we had been foolish long enough and that I was disregarding my pride and desired to resume our marital status and reside with him, and that now that I was back with him again I would assist him to the best of my ability in rebuilding his morale so as to recoup the financial losses which I inferred he had sustained by reason of his failure to send me the moneys agreed upon between us when we separated.

"The defendant immediately retorted that my presumptions were wrong, that he did not care to live with me, that he wanted me to get out immediately and that he would call a policeman and throw me out if I did not leave.

After a prolonged and heated argument on the same subject, the defendant herein, called his attorney and after said conversation my husband advised me that he never wanted to resume our marital life and that he greatly desired that we should continue to live separately. In furtherance thereof, my husband told me that if I would leave his apartment and forever thereafter live apart from him he would assign to me one hundred shares of Cuban Tobacco preferred and send me adequate sums of money regularly."

That is her version, but Mr. Ostergren takes oath that he has always been a devoted and dutiful husband and, far from being a playboy, that the night-club beat is on the other foot, the feminine one. Margaret's perennial complaint being that he did not offer enough social life to please her. He says:

My wife, without my consent, made repeated visits to various night clubs in company with various persons, notorious as frequenters of cabarets and night clubs. About one month before my wife left, I urged my mother-in-law to dissuade her daughter from leaving. My mother-in-law replied:

"What did you expect when you married her? There is entirely too great difference in your ages."

According to Ostergren that shattered reunion began with the following businesslike remark from Margaret:

"Here I am and here I stay until you settle."

Then he says: She called her sister (Betty Wyman, the highest-priced nudel in the world) and said: "If you want to see a funny situation, come up here." This telephone conversation confirmed me in the belief, which I had entertained, that she had forced herself upon me in order to play upon and aggravate my nervous condition and thus compel a financial settlement, and the whole affair smacked of a scheme planned by my wife, her sister and my mother-in-law."

After much discussion, he says she agreed to accept 100 shares of the tobacco stock and $100 a month for a year. The verbal contract sealed by a smile and a kiss on the cheek was repudiated after Mrs. Ostergren talked with her mother. A separation suit was started instead. Anders' theory is that the whole trouble is because after 1929 he has been unable to hand her jewelry at the rate of about $20,000 a year. As a last shot he mentions that all their friends sympathize with him.

Margaret's reply, through her attorney, Eli Johnson, prominent Fifth Avenue lawyer, is that the only times they are sympathetic is when he supplies the liquor for the sympathy parties. Also she asserted that he entertained various and numerous show girls and was constantly in the company of Dorothy Drew. Asked about Dorothy, who earns her living as a model by day and is supposed to be a model of deportment by night, Mr. Ostergren replied:

"I am terribly sorry she has been brought into this—it is so silly. I have been seen with her once in a while, as I have with other girls, which I am not at all ashamed to admit. It is all very unjust to pick on one girl."

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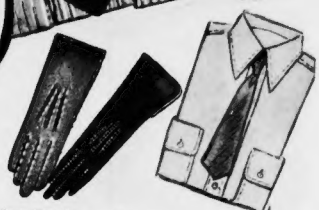

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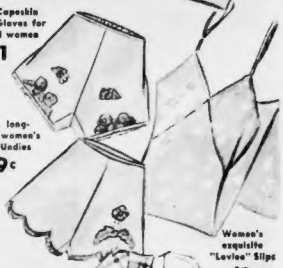

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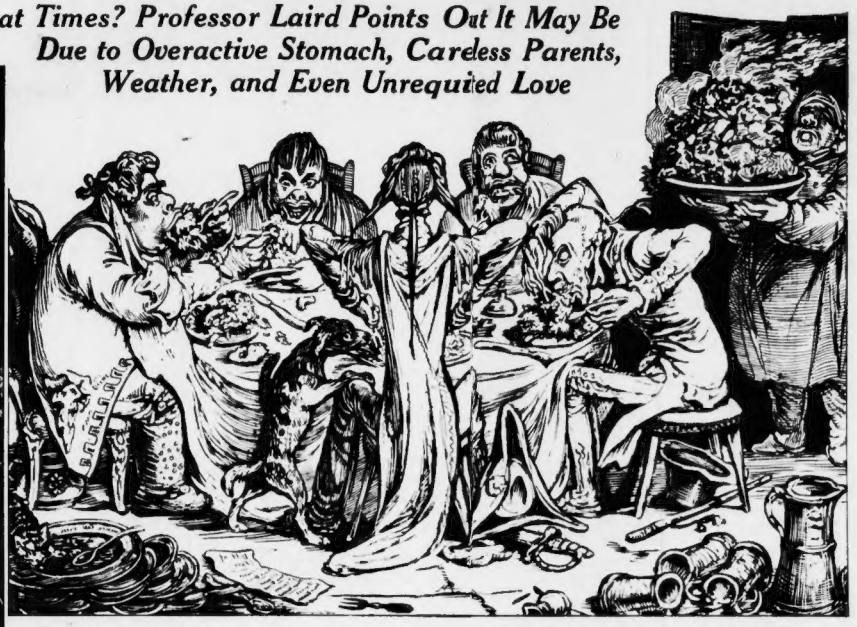
Science Explains What Makes "Food Drunkards"

Just Can't Help Overeating at Times? Professor Laird Points Out It May Be Due to Overactive Stomach, Careless Parents, Weather, and Even Unrequited Love

Famous Painting of King Louis XV of France Abjectly Waiting Upon the Beautiful Madame du Barry, Who Managed to Persuade Him to Give Up His Prejudice Against Women Cooks and Who Frequently Had to Be Dragged Away from the Banquet Table.



Gluttons of the 18th Century, as Pictured in This Old Print by James Gillray. The Artist Seemed Know That No Matter How Much Some People Eat They Stay Thin and Others Go Fatter and Fatter and That the Yearning for Food Can Become as Acute as a Drug Addict's Craving for a Narcotic.

By DONALD A. LAIRD,

Ph.D., Sc.D., Director Colgate University Psychological Laboratory, Hamilton, N. Y.

WHAT makes so many people eat to excess?

Why do some men and women consume enormous meals and still remain thin? And why do others, equally partial to huge meals, wax fatter and fatter?

These are questions which have long puzzled the everyday world, but now medical authorities advance not only an explanation for the "food drunkard" and the individual who goes on periodical "food sprees," but furnish dietary formulas for those who persist in over-eating although knowing they are endangering their health and shortening their lives.

Dr. Lewis R. Wolberg, psychiatrist at New York's King's Park State Hospital, who has made a special study of eating, concludes that most people eat much more than they realize, particularly so in the case of women. He also declares that "people are not born fat—they acquire fatness simply by eating more food than their daily energy requirements."

Fat people who over-eat and thin people who over-eat indulge their abnormal desire for food with small regard for their stomachs.

Two pints is about all that can be swallowed into the human stomach without stretching it out of shape. Yet some people stretch their stomachs out of shape—and stretch themselves out of shape along with them.

"That man was a piker," Elmer Siebert said to his wife when she told him she had read about a man who had eaten 40 pancakes. And to prove his point Mr. Siebert had his wife mix up a few bowls of batter and start baking the pancakes.

After finishing the forty-seventh pancake, Mr. Siebert allowed that his wife was the best pancake baker in Peru, Ill., and that he was no piker when it came to showing appreciation of her culinary skill.

Of course, he did not confine himself merely to pancakes. That would have been a monotonous breakfast. So he drank four cups of coffee to help wash the cakes down, and ate a few slices of bread for good measure.

But even all that breakfast did not give him the world's record for storing food in a two-pint stomach. Although Mr. Siebert admits he has a good appetite and makes the most of his wife's cooking, he still does not eat 47 pancakes every morning—just when he feels like giving himself a treat.

Howard Miller, out in Kansas City, did a much better job, day in and day out, at all three meals each day. In February of last year, for instance, he would eat the following assortment of viands in a single day: Eight cubed steaks, two plates of stew, 23 slices of bread, nine eggs, two dishes of peaches, twelve cups of coffee, and for dessert twelve pieces of pie.

But as far as that goes, the women themselves at times take appetite records. The Journal of the American Medical Association recently reported an instance from Wisconsin of a 34-year-old woman who "complains of insatiable hunger. This condition has existed for a period of two years. She has eaten as much as six quarts of cooked vegetables along with 18 apples and 28 graham crackers in addition to cereal, bread and butter, milk and other food in one day."

"Housewives who hover over their kitchen stoves are tempted to sample snatches of food throughout the day. These food snatches accumulate and may amount to more than breakfast, lunch and dinner combined." Dr. Wolberg comments in his book, "The Psychology of Eating," published by Robert M. McBride & Co.

And as soon as a woman gets successfully married at last, she is likely to start gorging herself with food, he also observes. "Marriage, for the woman at least, is usually a period of relaxation and contentment. New habits of leisure are cultivated, and in addition there is an abandonment of dietary abstemiousness. No longer does the lady feel it necessary to deny herself those pleasures of the palate that she willingly sacrificed prior to marriage in order to retain her figure and enhance her seductive graces."

But it remained for a woman herself to throw light on some of the hidden mental motives which make many women inclined to eat much more than is good either for their health or their figure. This woman scientist was Dr. Agnes Conrad of Columbia University's College of Physicians and Surgeons. Her findings, which have just been published in the American Journal of Orthopsychiatry, cover big appetites in both men and women, but her reports on the women are much more complete.

The most illustrative case reported by Dr. Conrad to dieticians in New York City was that of a once lovely actress, 26 years old, who had been described by newspapers as having "the form divine." Obviously, this beautiful actress would have to be careful not to overeat, if she were to remain on the top rung of her profession.

But, alas, for her success, she developed the habit of going on "food binges." For four years, before Dr. Conrad first studied her, these "binges" had gotten increasingly uncontrollable.

"When everyone else had quieted down for the night," Dr. Conrad told the dieticians, "the actress would enjoy reading until three or four a. m. with a sense of alertness reminiscent of descriptions of opium addicts. During a binge the idea was to keep up a constant sense of taste, no matter what taste, while she lolled at ease and read. Any intrusion met with savage irritability, especially any effort to stop her. When "binging" she at times would spend whatever she had, to the last cent, like a drunkard. Distention to the point of acute pain would not stop her. In coming out of these "binges" she was pale, bloated, dishevled and lachrymose like the most severe alcoholic."

Naturally this quickly ruined her promising career, for as a result of these "binges" her rapidly increasing weight proved a continuous bar to her success.

Dr. Conrad successfully traced these "food binges" as being due to the facts that "in infancy, childhood and adolescence the example of her mother had made for extreme food-consciousness and put enjoyment into no terms except those of eating and exhibitionism. She had no girl friends, feared love affairs, and had no desire for marriage in spite of many suitors."

A woman of 34 had trouble with her husband seven years ago. Shortly after, she was seized with an inordinate appetite which was not satisfied by eight or ten meals a day. In spite of her fears of illness and of her increasing weight, she was unable to stop her need to satisfy her hunger."

That parents often start young children off in this direction is agreed to by Dr. Wolberg. "Some parents feed the child whenever he frets," he reports. "Feeding the child between meals to pacify him when he cries produces in the child a desire for a full stomach whenever anxiety impends. This factor is largely responsible for the constant neurotic nibbling of food during adult life.

"During infancy pleasurable feelings are concentrated in the mouth zone. Satisfaction from sucking, eating, swallowing is extreme. Conflicts or difficulties arising during adult life may cause a person to seek refuge in the earlier but more satisfying mouth stage. Excessive smoking or excessive drinking may be direct results from these tensions.

"There are gustatory sensualists who are really food addicts and who use food just as a drug addict uses drugs to cover up profound personality and emotional difficulties. Upon abstaining from food for even a short while, food addicts experience a craving so imperious that they feel threatened with instant destruction unless they stuff themselves."

Drs. O. Spurgeon English and Gerald H. J. Pearson, of the medical school of Temple University have reported similar observations in writing on "Common Neuroses of Children and Adults," published by W. W. Norton & Co.

These Philadelphia experts find that "the desire to overeat is clearly a displacement of the need for love and sexual pleasure.

There are a number of things which will make the average person hungrier than usual, without there being any hidden mental mechanisms which may lead them to continued excesses. At West Virginia University, Drs. Clark K. Sleeth and Edward J. Van Liere have just measured and found that the stomach empties quicker, and consequently become hungry quicker, in cold weather than in warm or hot days. So when the weather becomes cold, or after a day outside in Winter time, it is perfectly natural to be hungrier than usual.

How a vicious cycle makes hungry people get hungrier day after day was recently explained by Miss Letta Houser as a result of research at the University of Iowa.

"I have found," Miss Houser reported, "that obese persons have no more preference for rich foods than persons of normal weight. But when the normal and the obese groups were fed the same foods, those persons overweight always ate up to 20 per cent more, regardless of what was served, or the manner of its serving."

Food and fat thus form a vicious cycle, and the fatter a person becomes the more his appetite increases.

That helps explain why these overeaters, these people who go on "food binges," usually go steadily from bad to worse. Such as Diamond Jim Brady, who started out as an ordinary enough fellow as far as appetite was concerned, but who gradually let himself go until he would pull up to a table at the old Waldorf-Astoria hotel and eat four or five meals in one. He not only ate himself out of shape, but into his grave, for his over-eating brought on diabetes and kidney disease which took him, we may imagine, into the gluttons' Heaven.

Diamond Jim had a number of illustrious, though foolish, predecessors among the persons of history. Henry VIII, of England, was a notorious glutton, as many saw in the movies.

Giovanni Boccaccio, the poet, had this as his typical menu for one day: Four dozen eggs, eight quarts of milk, two pounds of cherries, one quart of wine, and six chickens. But the man who perhaps went to the most ludicrous extremes to get the pleasures of taste and distention of his stomach (if that really is a pleasure?) was the Persian Cantibaris who would eat and eat until his jaw muscles actually played out. Then he would have his slaves pour food into his mouth to stuff him still more.

In those grand old days they ate mostly for pleasure. Now pleasure

(Continued on Page 14)

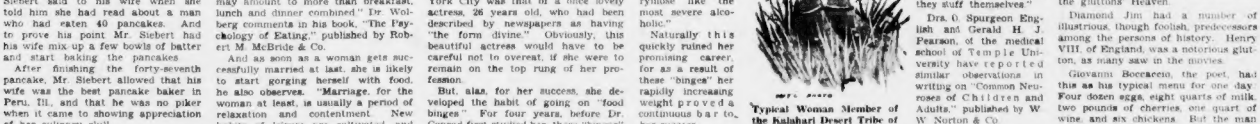


Diagram Showing the Proper, Normal Behavior of the Stomach Following the Noon-Day Meal Up to Six P. M. It Should Be Thoroughly Emptied Into the Intestine After Six Hours.

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Old German Woodcut of the Famous Glutton, Mathias Gallas, Pictured by the Cartoonist With a Paunch So Big That It Had to Be Supported in a Wheelbarrow.

A More Modern Victim of Over-eating Was the Famous Diamond Jim Brady, Whose Death Was Attributed to His Enormous Appetite Which Produced His Over-sized Stomach.

Typical Woman Member of the Kalahari Desert Tribe of Bushmen Who Stuff and Distend Their Stomachs at One Meal With Enough Food to Last Them Several Days.

Behind the Scer

Secrets of the Famous Gambling Den, Trick
"Break the Bank," Revenge of Ruined Pl
Baron Charles de Richter, Form

The "Mouches" (Flies) Who Flit About the Gambling Tables and Sell Their Favors to Patrons of the Casino Are Not As Prosperous As They Were in the Days of the Profligate Russian Grand Dukes Who Scattered 1,000-Franc Notes and Jewels With Lavish Hand—From L'Assiette au Beurre.

Afternoon Patrons at the Entrance of the Gambling Casino. Each Must Have an Identification Card Before Being Permitted to Enter the Gambling Salons.

Careful Count Is Kept of the Numbers That Have Come Up on th Roulette Wheels and These Records Are Often Bought by New Ar rivals at the Table.

CHAPTER VIII.

By BARON CHARLES DE RICHTER.

(Continued From Last Sunday)

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MANY people have wondered who the two mysterious figures are standing at the entrance to the public gambling rooms of the Monte Carlo Casino—whose eyes seem to pierce some arrivals, whereas others are greeted by name. The same close examination is given by the man standing at the entrance to the private gambling rooms. But these searching looks are only directed at the visitor on his first arrival. On the following day, the men do not even look at the cards, but greet the holders with a smile and by name. These men are called "physiognomists" and it is their job to mentally photograph each new arrival, and once this mental picture is made, never to forget the face.

At the School for Croupiers, where these are taught how to throw the roulette ball, figure quickly and use the rake with dexterity, a very special selection is made for men to fill these posts, since they must never make a mistake. If they do, they lose their jobs. The function of the "physiognomists" is not merely to make the butter-and-egg men from Dakota or the prosperous liquor dealer pleased at being recognized, but it is mainly to keep out those people who are on the "black list." Among these are persons who have cheated, given rubber checks or created trouble. One such character was Alexandre Stavisky, of the famous French pawnshop scandal, which ended with the fall of the Government three years ago and with the bloody February riots.

Stavisky was on the Monte Carlo "black list," but owing to the complicity of superior officers in the Gambling Squad, he was able to enter the Casinos of both Deauville and Cannes. Crooks of every kind must be kept out if possible. And if the "physiognomists" at the door may have failed to identify them, there is always the Director of Occult Surveillance, M. Branzon-Bourgogne, whom they will have to face in the salons, for he walks about with an air of utter detachment, his hands behind his back, seemingly seeing nothing. But his lynx eyes rarely miss anything or anyone.

The newcomer to the Casino, however, is not only subjected to the sharp examination from the men on guard standing at the entrance doors—he is measured. This is done so adroitly that none would even suspect it. This curious identifying precaution was installed after the last swindle perpetrated by Monsieur Preston, a cardsharp famous throughout the European casinos. In spite of heading M. Branzon-Bourgogne's black list, he still managed to slip through the cordon, as I will explain in a moment.

As the visitor enters the Casino, he turns to the left where secretaries are installed on each side, making out the different entrance cards. At the end of the room, three men are seated at three desks, the central one being very high. This last man signs each card, and while the visitor stands, waiting for the signature, the men on each side note his height. The central desk is graduated like a ruler.

Monsieur Preston was distinguished by the ingenuity and variety of the crooked tricks he invented. Since these were always discovered sooner or later, he had to be constantly inventing new ones. The Monte Carlo Casino was definitely closed to him when he staged what became known as the candelabra stunt at baccarat.

As the croupier, known as the banker in this game, draws the cards from the shoe, it is possible for a very sharp confederate to sometimes get a glimpse of them as he lays them face down on the table. An additional aid to getting a peek at the cards was the clever manipulation by the man standing behind the banker, of a cigarette case that had a looking-glass on it. Preston sat at the table, always smoking a heavy cigar, and he insisted that a candelabra be placed by him that he might light it frequently since he had a habit of permitting it to go out as he held it.

There is a line drawn on the gaming tables, within which are placed the stakes. Money lying outside the line is not placed, but should it be across the line, it is considered as having been placed. Preston's candelabra trick was simple. When the confederate managed to get a glimpse of the cards dealt he made a signal to Preston, who then, if the cards were favorable, nonchalantly lifted the candelabra which was standing on the line, under which lay a bill of high denomination. He thus cleaned up many thousands before suspicion was aroused, the trick discovered, and he was finally ejected from the Casino.

The problem for Preston, then, was to get back and spring some new tricks.

It was in January that there arrived at Monte Carlo a little man, so ill that he could not leave his wheel-chair. He went to the smart Hotel de Paris and installed himself with his valet, who wheeled him devotedly about the park and the terrace. He always lunched at the hotel. He was soon a familiar figure in the small place that Monaco really is. Occasionally he was wheeled through the subterranean tunnel to the Sporting Club, where his appearance was greeted with a kindly smile by all. Not a soul but pitied the poor crippled man. His snow-white hair, his white beard, his helplessness were disarming. His hands were so crippled that he could not hold chips.

One night, he suddenly asked whether he could not play. All smiled, the croupier smiled, the discreet inspectors scattered around to watch for any possible swindle, smiled. The valet held his chips for him and placed his bets. And wonder of wonders, he began to win. He continued to win, miraculously and regularly. But every time another little pile of chips came his way, he laughed so loud and with such childish glee, that none of the losers felt any ill will toward the invalid and his winnings. Only the banker began to wrinkle his forehead at such extraordinary luck.

The next morning, when the Director of Gambling was reporting on what had taken place during the night, the question of the old man's identity was taken up. It was suddenly discovered that none of the usual formalities and inquiries had been made, and when the authorities attempted to reach the old man at the hotel, they found he had gone, leaving behind the wheel-chair. The matter remained a mystery for some little time, until the director received a visiting card with "Monsieur Preston" engraved on it. He had escaped the Casino clutches once again, carrying off with him a considerable sum of money. Just what trick Preston worked on that occasion was never discovered.

This man's life should have served as a moral lesson to others, and he should have died penniless and alone. But as a matter of fact, he built himself a chateau in the province of Dordogne in France, which he called "Chateau of Sequence."

The use of a small looking-glass as a means of detecting numbers was one of the reasons for another rule passed at the Casino, that all packages have to be checked, but women naturally enter carrying their handbags. And they all have powder puffs. If any player sets her powder puff on the table, she is quietly asked to put it away.

Although I have spoken of dishonest croupiers, still taken as a body, they are honest. The Casino authorities have a corps of spies, whose function it is to watch the croupiers off duty as well as on. Their private lives are delved into, not for any moral reason, needless to say, but for very sound business reasons.

In France, we have the expression "cherchez la femme" whenever a man commits a theft. In the majority of cases a man is pushed into dishonesty by the desire to please a woman, not his wife generally, but his sweetheart. Consequently, the croupiers are not permitted to have any light o' loves. They and their associates are watched. And I have known a number of cases when croupiers were dismissed as soon as they acquired a lady love.

Besides the human desire to earn more, such a woman is dangerous as she can easily become an accomplice. At roulette, with dozens of people crowding around, throwing their chips on numbers, it is easy for the croupier to push over a few chips to a woman standing by, who has not played. Such money is, of course, lost to the Casino.

The "mouches" (flies) who flit about the gambling tables and sell their favors to patrons of the Casino are watched carefully. For these obliging young women the times are not as prosperous as they were in the days of the profligate Russian Grand Dukes who scattered 1,000-franc notes and jewels with lavish hand.

But if croupiers are watched by spies they are also safeguarded from threatened danger. On occasion special precautions are taken to guard these employes—especially when heavy losses have resulted at their tables. Occasionally the loss of all his fortune will unhinge a man's or woman's mind, and they will nurse an insane grudge against the unfortunate croupier who has only been doing his duty. When such intelligence reaches the ears of the Casino detectives, a guard is put over the croupier for the time being.

I remember one occasion, not at Monte Carlo but at Le Touquet, when an American lost over half a million francs at a croupier's table. Rising from his seat he called him—a something crook—and quitted the room. That night as the croupier left the Casino to walk home, a shot rang out and his hat flew off. Turning round he saw the American taking aim at him again. The croupier threw himself to the ground and the second bullet flew harmlessly over his back. Before his assailant could fire again he was seized by two gendarmes and next day certified insane and sent by his relatives to America under guard.

On another occasion at Monte Carlo a woman tried to stab a croupier in the Botanic Gardens, and but for his cigarette case—a rather unusually large one—being in his breast pocket, the poniard would have got through his heart. The woman, an attractive Italian, at once ran away—and he allowed her to go—since she had only dented the cigarette case. He remembered her as having lost a mere 5,000 francs the night before.

At Deauville once a Spaniard attacked a crou pier in the lounge of the Hermitage Hotel and trie to throttle the life out of him. He was restraine and taken into custody and ordered by the judge t leave Deauville within twenty-four hours. Th reason for his onslaught was that the croupier ha decided against him over the possession of an un claimed stake on the table which belonged to Frenchwoman. It was her stake, for he had see her place it—but the Spaniard loudly asserted tha it was his. As under the rules of the Casino croupier's word is law, he had to bow to the de cision.

But if croupiers are watched and followed s are the heavy winners watched and followed an induced to visit private hotel suites or in som cases a villa owned by a gang of scheming para sites. I remember being told about one of thes gangs that came to be known as the "J" Club. Wh I do not know, unless it was an abbreviation of th word "Jay"—the Jays being the victims. Thi clique of card-crooks of three women and five c six men visited the Principality for three season running, and so notorious did they become that was a wonder that they secured any victims. visitor could hardly be in the Principality an hou before he would be warned against the "J" gang.

The Principality police and the Surete dete tives followed the gang about night and day, an were openly invited by the "club" to be present a the private gaming parties. Detectives attende and the games were watched, but although th victims always lost they were never able to dete crooked play. Then one day a terrific and sudde storm took place, one of those tense, violent, ho electric storms which sweep the Riviera occasio ally. It swept over the villa of the "J" Club whi a game was in progress and so shook the buildin that the roof of the salon cracked, and there fe into the middle of the roulette table beneath—man!

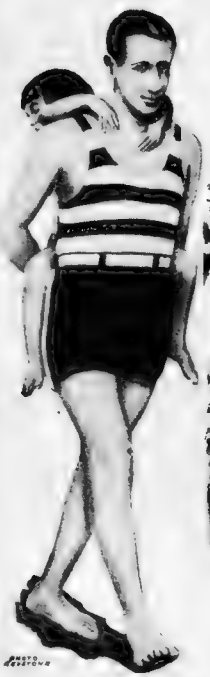
The mystery of the "J" Club was solved. Hi den in a secret cavity between the two rooms h had been directing the roulette wheel with powe ful electric magnets or some other device—and ha spy-holes in the elaborate frescoes so that he cou detect what series or colors were being stake heavily—and, of course, these numbers or seri lost.

To the keen observer there are many incongr

...es at Monte Carlo

...s of Thieving Croupiers, Daring Schemes to ...layers, Scandals and Suicides Revealed by ...ner Member of the Casino Staff

Death Sometimes Stands Behind the Loser at the Green Table and Enraged Patrons Whose Last Dollar Is Raked in by the Attendant Now and Then Attempt to Kill the Croupier.



Stavisky With One of His Children on the Beach at Deauville at the Height of His Thieving Career. Much of His Stolen Millions of Francs Was Swept Away on the Monte Carlo Gambling Tables.

"One Night the Wheel-Chair Invalid Suddenly Asked Whether He Could Not Play. All Smiled, the Croupier Smiled, the Discreet Inspectors Scattered Around to Watch for Any Possible Swindle, Smiled. The Valet Held His Chips for Him. And Wonder of Wonders, He Began to Win. But Every Time Another Little Pile of Chips Came His Way, He Laughed So Loud and With Such Childish Glee, That None of the Losers Felt Any Ill Will Toward the Invalid and His Winnings.

"The Next Morning, When the Director of Gambling Was Reporting on What Had Taken Place During the Night, the Question of the Old Man's Identity Was Taken Up. It Was Suddenly Discovered That None of the Usual Formalities and Inquiries Had Been Made, and When the Authorities Attempted to Reach the Old Man at the Hotel, They Found He Had Gone, Leaving Behind the Wheel-Chair."

Card of Admission Which Every Guest at the Casino Must Have Before He Can Enter the Gambling Salons.

ties connected with the gaming-rooms of a Casino. The queer mixture of the people, the difference in their stations, often produce the most absurd situations. A famous French judge may be sitting next to a man he had once sentenced to five years' imprisonment and a few yards away a Royal Prince. On another occasion within a few feet of each other a well-known French actress might be seen with her husband sitting on one side of her and her recently divorced husband sitting on the other side—and all chatting like the best of friends.

Even if there was a note of sympathy in the voice of the divorced husband when he stuck to the follower in his footsteps as lord and master over the destinies of the beautiful though imperious actress. And in the midst of these casual frivolous players may be one who is playing in deadly earnest playing a "system" he has perhaps spent years in figuring out. Such a man was Jaggers.

Now Jaggers came from the North of England, which perhaps accounted for his untiring perseverance in his determination to beat the bank at Monte Carlo. An engineer by trade, and something of a mathematician, Jaggers argued that the roulette wheels at Monte Carlo could not be so perfectly balanced as not to bias in the direction of certain numbers. His mechanically logical mind argued that the manufacturers could not have been absolutely true in the fitting of their wheels, and that it was a certainty that at some points any wheel must betray the bank in the favor of the player—if the player knew the defect in the wheel. With a few thousand dollars capital, therefore, Jaggers set out to beat the bank at its own game.

Taking into his employ several clerks he set them to watch all the roulette wheels in the Casino and make lists of the winning numbers. Each night he went carefully over these and was able to detect that certain numbers came up more than others at each table. Making a chart of these numbers he went to the Casino and, fortified with the knowledge of the peculiarities of each wheel, he began to play. In a few days he had reheved the bank of half a million dollars. Ha! He was right. His system had triumphed. Untold wealth was in sight.

But the Casino Administration somehow got to hear of his knowledge with regard to each wheel and overnight changed over the wheels from one table to another. Unconscious of the change, Jaggers went to the Casino next day full of confidence of further lucrative coups.

To his surprise his system failed him, and the bank regained from him half of what he had previously won. Certain that something was wrong, Jaggers determined to solve the mystery and eventually, after careful watching, realized how the Casino was circumventing him. However, this demon system-monger went one better, for he studied each wheel carefully and detected some mark by which he could recognize it as it was changed about. In some cases it was only a minute scratch on the enamel of the wheel.

Once again Jaggers won, and won back the sum he had lost. The bank was at its wits' end and sent a messenger post-haste to Paris to consult with the manufacturers of the roulette wheels. The head of this firm at once devised a way of making Jaggers system abortive.

He made tiny little slots in the wheel into which the colloidal ball fails to exchangeable—so that every night they could be shifted about, altering any slight irregularity in the balance of the wheel. This defeated Jaggers, but when he realized that he was beaten, and returned to his home town in the North of England, he took $400,000 of the Casino's money with him. It had been quite a profitable system after all.

The Casino is surrounded by enemies, people planning to swindle it of some of its ill-earned money and so the army of spies is necessary. No trust is placed in human nature, no matter how old the employe. The justification for these precautions receives almost daily confirmation.

I remember one case, which the local newspapers played up, probably as a warning to others. The night watchmen came upon a man who had managed to enter the gambling salons late at night and was caught tampering with a roulette cylinder. He was an Italian engineer and it developed later that he was purposely given the opportunity to enter the salons, as the police had wind of the plot, which had been hatched at San Remo, in Italy. The police upon hearing of it, permitted its development, under their supervision, but, of course, unknown to the swindler.

The engineer when caught was placing a fine copper plate with an electro-magnet under a section of the cylinder, on which the ball is thrown. An invisible crack in the cylinder gave access to this plate. A search at the home of one of the croupiers disclosed some balls, resembling those used at the Casino, except that a little metal had been placed inside. The trick was cleverly planned to give four numbers sure winnings when the ball being attracted to the magnet attached to this plate fell into one or the other of the four numbers.

At roulette, the croupier has a box filled with ivory balls, which are tested. He plays each ball fifteen minutes and then takes up a new one. It would have been quite easy for him to slip in the trick ball from time to time, giving the necessary signal to his accomplices, who would then play on the four numbers. The whole scheme was so clever that it is almost a pity that it was never given a real try-out. Not the most vigilant inspector could have detected the fraud.

What people never realize upon entering the Casino is that the secret police are everywhere, always watching. So long as a newcomer's luck is normal, or he only plays small sums, not much attention is paid to him. But as soon as a person, gambling high, begins to win considerable sums, he is surrounded by vigilant representatives of the "Occult Surveillance" department, whose function it is to stop the lucky winner, if possible, and in all cases, make certain that all is regular. As recently as last May, an inspector discovered that round chips of small denominations and the big oblong chips representing big sums had been remarkably well counterfeited and many of these had been put into circulation. The Casino officially called them all in and an old set of chips of different design was quickly put into circulation. The Casino authorities keep chips of various designs on hand to meet just such emergencies.

If people have the illusion that they can lose themselves in the crowd, still more improbable is it that they remain just a face with a name attached to it. It is sufficient for a new arrival to enter and to change some money at the booths for him to be immediately fully identified. Should the visitor have a bank account and wish to draw on it, stating that he had already done so at some other casino, he is simply asked to wait a few minutes. By telephone all information as to how much he gambled and what his losses or gains might have been is obtained. Then, his bank is also reached by telephone and although all information is supposed to be confidential regarding a person's bank account, there is not a bank I know which will not give out the exact financial standing of a client at the request of the Monte Carlo Casino.

It is naturally advantageous to the Casino to lend money to people who wish to play, for it is so much easier to lose money one does not actually see except in the form of chips. But it was this system which gave rise to abuses and actual cheating on the part of Casino employes.

In order to illustrate the system, I will tell the story of what happened to my friend, Lady McCarthy, who lost a good deal of money thereby for which I hold myself responsible.

Lady McCarthy, whom I have mentioned before, was a very rich woman, who loved a "flutter" at the Casino. She received her money from Rangoon, India, where she owned extensive properties and she threw it freely on the green tables. Upon

(Continued on Page 14)

The Golden Rose by Mignon G. Eberhart

Author of The White Cockatoo, Murder By An Aristocrat, Etc.

The Mystery of the Beauty Who Lay Slain Beneath Her Portrait in the Home of the Man Who Loved Her—And What He Did About It

"Did you kill Rose, Randy?" Asked Alice Lewis and Arnold Held Randy, Who Acted as if He Were About to Twist Alice's Unpleasant Little Neck

roughness of the concrete balustrade.

A strong sense of unreality clutched her again. It simply wasn't possible [illegible]

[illegible]

during that time too. Gone and she, Jennifer Shore, had been the last to hold it, the last to see it, the last to close the safe. The last, that is, except for the thief.

Her head was beginning to feel tight, her temples throbbing as if she'd had a cocktail too many. But she hadn't; no one had. No one ever drank too much when a guest of Lewis Pennick.

But someone had murdered.

The [illegible] was wrong. She saw it as clearly [illegible] Wrong, or someone had bribed him.

[illegible]

like that. Nothing—nothing's going to hurt you."

"I know," said Jennifer unsteadily. "It's just nervous strain. Shock."

"Have a cigarette. Oh, that's right, you don't smoke." He lighted one for himself and the flame [illegible] the strong line of his [illegible] the look of youth [illegible] his eyes. He [illegible]

[illegible]

"That," said Lewis, "is another question for which I hope to discover the answer. For after all, with a revolver she could have defended herself."

There was something odd in his voice, something certain and unspoken and inexpressibly menacing. Did he know something he was holding in reserve? Had he a trap set and baited and waiting?

Jennifer wondered if they all felt that chill [illegible] thing that had crept into the room. That [illegible]

[illegible] say the rose [illegible] too large to be concealed about one's clothing. Then you must know the thing [illegible] heard of it before. You must have known Lewis had it."

"Certainly I knew he had it," cried Randy. "But that doesn't mean that I stole it. And murdered Rose because she saw me. I couldn't have."

Lewis held up his hand.

"Wait, please," he said. "The Golden Rose is exactly that. A rose made of gold and set with [illegible] and spinel rubies [illegible] which makes it of value to collectors. As Randy said, it is too large to be concealed readily. It is almost certainly hidden somewhere about the apartment. It is important only because it has been stolen and because its theft coincides with murder."

"But if the thief escaped with it," Frances Cramper-Farquarson began.

"No one escaped, Frances. No one," said Lewis rather wearily, "left the apartment. Don't forget that."

"Look here, Lewis," said Arnold, "you aren't giving us an even break. You're just accusing us. This won't get you anywhere. If you are going to persist in this inquiry yourself, I think you ought to go at it more—well, logically."

[illegible] our own names are to be cleared. There are those who might say even that I had had a motive for murder [illegible] husband [illegible] It's not to be expected that I should ever all my life feel kindly toward Rose [illegible]

[illegible] Boris [illegible] prowled again toward the balcony at [illegible] the edge of the [illegible]

"You see," said Arnold [illegible]

"Very well," said Lewis. "What do you [illegible]

[illegible]

unless as the equally unspoken [illegible]

It was [illegible] that Alice settled back in her chair and said [illegible]

Suddenly Randy made a start [illegible] Alice [illegible] the shock [illegible] terribly oppressive.

Lewis, grimly patient as a cat whose prey has no escape, again agreed.

It was a rest [illegible] there would be no [illegible] for a moment or two.

Jennifer rose. The air was heavier than ever; the little hot currents of wind had gone and there was instead [illegible] stillness and closeness. Arnold was talking to Lewis. Mrs. Cramper-Farquarson was staring at the black and white [illegible] squares on the floor. No one noticed when Jennifer [illegible] length of the room [illegible] open windows and went out onto the dark balcony.

No cool air there either. She stood face upturned to the black night sky, hands conscious of the

[illegible]

[illegible] breaths of the open [illegible] There [illegible] only a sort [illegible] you know [illegible] flowed [illegible]

[illegible] and sky. A [illegible] where she [illegible] lingering [illegible]

[illegible] left the table during [illegible] interminable hour [illegible] the table. They [illegible]

[illegible] steps [illegible]

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

[illegible]

CHAPTER IV.

The Finger Points.

"SEARCH[illegible]" [illegible] Aunt Alice again. "First you accuse us [illegible] This is an outrage. You [illegible] this to us, Lewis. After all, I am one of your family. I [illegible]

Randy raised his white face.

"Oh, for Pete's sake, shut up, Aunt Alice. He's right, of course. Nobody else was here. If the Rose is gone, one of you took it. But [illegible] no good searching. I mean, the Rose's too large to conceal about your person. And if nobody left the apartment it [illegible] still here somewhere. It'll turn up or the police will find it. It's not important. How can you, with Rose dead in there, you [illegible] of theft?"

"Theft as a motive to the murder," boomed Mrs. Cramper-Farquarson. "I was right, then."

"Look here, Lewis," Donna Campbell said suddenly. "Rose's bag—when you lifted her it fell from her gown somehow and it seemed heavy. Perhaps the jewel you talk of and Randy says is so large."

Alice's eyes glittered and her sharp little nose pointed at Lewis. "Yes, Lewis! Rose herself could have taken it. What was in her bag? Didn't you look? I'll go"—

"Stop."

Alice stopped and Lewis Pennick said, "Yes, I looked [illegible] Rose's bag. [illegible] not there. The thing that made it heavy, you see, was a revolver. A very small revolver. It had," continued Lewis, searching as if he were forcing the words out, "it had one shell in it. One. And it had not been fired recently; there was no odor at all."

For an instant no one spoke. Then Arnold leaped to his feet.

"That means," he cried excitedly, "that Rose expected something—was prepared."

"With one bullet," said Lewis coldly.

"It means she herself was ready to kill. The murder was in self-defense. Rose had threatened someone." That was Alice again, and Randy interrupted her with one incredulous word. "Rose!"

"Well, then, why did she have a revolver?" said Alice.

(Continued on Page 16)

A Wail, Inexpressibly Desolate and Weary, Rose Out of the Black Gulf Below Them, Joined by Others. "It Was Shocking. What is it?" Gasped Jennifer in Terror.

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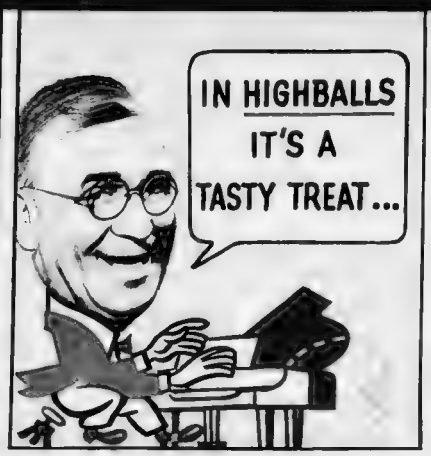

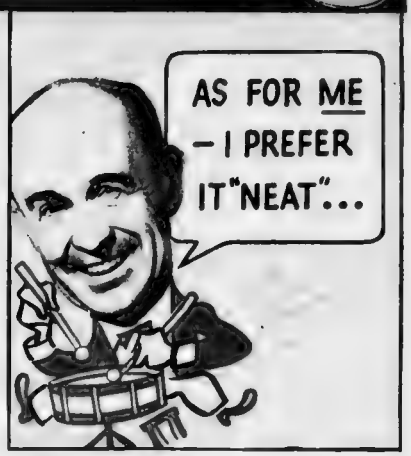

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Put ¼ lump sugar (or ½ lump, according to taste) in the bottom of an "old-fashioned cocktail glass." Add two teaspoons water. A dash Angostura bitters. One drink Old Dum. One piece lemon peel. Large cube of ice. If convenient, also half slice of orange; piece of fresh pineapple. Maraschino cherry.

MANHATTAN

For each cocktail, one dash Orange Bitters (or two, according to your own taste). One half Italian Vermouth. One half Old Drum. Stir together well, with cracked ice. (Experts prefer stirring to shaking.) Serve with Maraschino cherry in each glass. For a "Dry" Manhattan (less sweet), use French Vermouth instead of Italian.

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Behind the Scenes at Monte Carlo

By Baron Charles de Richter

(Continued from Double Page)

arriving at the Casino she would take 10,000 francs in chips and sitting down to a baccarat table, start to play haphazard. The sum was soon lost. She would then turn around to the money-changer sitting close by at a small table and say simply:

"...et, thousand more, please."

These money-changers are placed close to a number of tables in order to save time in going to the booths for chips. On such occasions, he would ask Lady McCarthy to sign a slip of paper, on which the sum borrowed was noted. This would happen five or six times, while she was gambling, and once finished, the cashier would add the sums jotted on the scraps of paper and then make out a regular check for the total which Lady McCarthy would sign. This procedure was the usual one for people whom the Casino knew to have means.

All would have been well this particular evening, had things been straightforward. But apparently they were not, for a frantic telephone call awakened me. It was my friend George Saugey, director of gambling begging me to come right over to the Casino. Unwillingly, I did so.

Upon arriving, it was Lady McCarthy who told me the tale. Like many other gamblers, she preferred not to have the total of her losses presented by the Casino directly to the bank, she would rather pay the sum personally within a specified period. Heretofore, she had always settled without a murmur, but this time she asked for 30,000 francs instead of 10,000 francs, and refused to her to sign a settlement.

"Charley," she said to me indignantly, "I refused to pay up because I am absolutely convinced I never signed that credit slip at all."

"But how can you be so certain of that, May," I remonstrated, knowing how short a memory she had.

"It's quite simple," she continued. "Here's my receipt for 50,000 francs that I've just paid Henry, the barman. He lent me the money on the same day that I am supposed to have signed for the other sum. But I have one habit; never to ask for money in two places at once. That's enough proof, it seems to me."

A bit shaken, I went into conference with George Saugey, who told me with tears in his eyes that she was wrong, there was no question as to her signature and should she refuse to settle and start a scandal, the only victim would be the cashier. Knowing that my old friend did not consider money of any importance and that she had plenty of it, I went back to her.

"My dear Madame," I said, "it is probable that you're acting in good faith, but appearances are against you. If you refuse to pay, it will be the wretched cashier who will be out of pocket. It's for you to decide what you wish to do."

"What would you do in my position?"

"Well, had I your fortune, I would pay."

She did so. And the incident seemed forgotten, but a week later, the cashier of the Sporting Club was suddenly fired. All had been done very quietly. So I started a little investigation of my own. It seems that his sudden accession to wealth had attracted the attention of the Casino authorities, who discovered that he had organized a little racket of his own on the side. It was simple to work.

Every night it is customary for the visitor, who has been signing the little slips of papers, before leaving the Casino, to affix his signature to a check, representing the total of the sums borrowed that day. The cashier then gives the visitor the accumulated credit slips for the visitor to destroy. The trick the cashier was working involved either making the befuddled client sign a blank check, which many did, being the worse for drink after many hours of gambling, or else keep back a few of the slips. The visitor, destroying a number of them, would not count up carefully. Those slips that had been dishonestly held out would then be included in the next day's total check, and the money thus recovered found its way into the cashier's pocket.

When my own investigation was complete, I went to see George Saugey in anger. It was my intention to make Lady McCarthy verify all the checks and lodge a complaint. But he appealed to my friendship for him.

"My dear friend, do you realize what a scandal that will be? I am certain there was nothing irregular in her case. The receipts were quite in order. I beg of you to do all in your power to prevent any trouble."

I must admit my cowardice. I was a friend of Saugey and the other men, so I helped to hush up the whole trouble. It is thus that one commits little meannesses through friendship and the fear of hurting people.

This particular case was not, however, unique, for get-rich-quick cashiers are not uncommon at Monte Carlo. During the time I was at Monte Carlo I saw many a croupier upon becoming a money-changer, suddenly become wealthy. The wife of one of these men once said to me, in innocence that she was so surprised that her husband, who only used to earn 1,000 francs a month was now planning to buy a car and build a house at La Turbie. That this should happen is not so wonderful considering the ease with which the receipts can be kept or occasional chips find their way into the pocket when change is made. It is significant that whereas in all the French gambling houses the pockets of the croupiers are sewn up making it impossible for them to even carry a handkerchief in Monte Carlo they are wide open.

One day Mr. Branzon-Bourgogne who attended to different matters was struck by the strange mannerisms of a croupier at a roulette table. He noticed that with magic rapidity he slipped a few chips every now and then into his pocket, an easy thing to do since the total of money on the table is not known. This would have been impossible to do at baccarat, because the Casino takes ten per cent of the sums played and consequently these are known.

Having watched the croupier and become convinced that he was stealing chips, Mr. Branzon-Bourgogne spoke to one of the commissioners, and when the croupier's next hour came, he was asked to step into the office. He intended to catch him red-handed. But he had forgotten that this was Monaco, where subjects of the Prince are under a special protection. En route, the croupier, realizing what was going to happen, asked permission to retire for a moment into the lavatory. He came out smiling. The search revealed nothing. He had rid himself of the incriminating chips.

The next time, Mr. Branzon-Bourgogne tried a different scheme in order to catch the thief. He waited for him to take off his smoking jacket and hang it up in his closet. Then he pounced on him. The chips were in the pockets. An investigation followed and the man was discharged. But a fortnight later I saw him back at the tables, juggling the chips with his old dexterity. He was a true subject of Monaco and the Prince had ordered that he be taken back.

But not all the visitors will stand for crookedness and I have seen some funny incidents staged by indignant clients. It was the rich Madame Cahen d'Anvers who had her joke while it lasted. Coming one day to the Casino, where she always played baccarat in preference to any other game, she borrowed 200,000 francs from the cashier, signing a receipt for the sum, and she lost the money right away. She quite evidently bore some grudge against the Casino authorities, for, returning to the cashier, she asked him for the receipt. Thinking she intended to settle the debt he handed it over. She took the bit of paper and calmly tore it up before his eyes. An argument followed, in which George Saugey joined with the cashier.

"If you behave," she said finally. "I'll settle the sum when it pleases me to do so. But for the present, au revoir." And she walked out. Eventually she settled, but she kept the Casino authorities in anxious suspense for some time. It was a temperamental outburst of an indignant visitor.

It is curious to see the preferences different people have for different gambling games. Whereas Madame Cahen d'Anvers only played baccarat, I remember noticing that Louis Jean Malvy, one-time Minister of the Interior and President of the Finance Commission, always played roulette, never by any chance playing anything else. I saw him at the roulette table daily, a prey to the old women or the retired cocottes who seek to earn a few chips by reserving chairs at the tables for those willing to pay. In Malvy's case he would never take any other seat but the one at the end of the table on the left corner. Unless he had that seat, he would not gamble. He played a system unique in its simplicity, he always played three times running on the same dozen numbers. And if by chance he won he left his winnings intact. He showed a ruinous confidence in his run of good luck, for even in roulette it is rare to have a number in a dozen come up three times in succession.

(Concluded Next Sunday)

Science Explains What Makes "Food Drunkards"

(Continued from Page 9).

is combined with business, and there are grand competitions in which prizes are awarded to the persons who can eat the most. "Clinical Excerpts" tells about the food consumed by the winner of one of these contests at Rouen in 1934.

"The winner, a twenty-stone man of 52, disposed of 2½ pounds of brill, 2¾ pounds of mutton with kidney beans, 2½ chickens, a cheese, and 'lots' of apple tarts. All this he washed down with a mere 4 bottles of cider, 2 of Alsatian wine and 2 of Burgundy."

Napoleon was much wiser than most of the paunchy generals he beated on the battlefield. The Emperor who said that armies fight on their stomachs and who was scrupulous about keeping his soldiers well fed, was very careful in his early career not to overeat on his own part.

Long before Napoleon's time the French had excelled in gastronomic development. "Under Louis XV," writes Dr Wolberg, "the French art of preparing food was brought to a devastating perfection. A most signal honor during this period was to be an accomplished chef, and this honor was believed to be entirely a male prerogative until Madame du Barry produced a real Sappho of the kitchen. This cuisiniere prepared a meal for Louis XV which caused him to retract his prejudice against female cooks.*** Madame du Barry ranked with Queen Anne as a most accomplished female toss-pot. Louis XV oft had to separate her forcefully from the punch ladle."

But perhaps the prize glutton of all was the famous German Field Marshal, Mathias Gallas, who became so fat and unwieldy that a cartoonist of the period depicted him with his paunch being supported on a wheelbarrow.

The habit of so many civilized men and women who indulge in "food binges" has a counterpart among natives of the Kalahari desert. Rigorous living conditions make it necessary for the Bushmen to utilize their stomachs as storehouses for food. They eat until they can hold no more and go about with widely distended stomachs, consoling themselves that they won't have to eat again for three or four days.

The only thing that saves many gluttonous moderns is that the body after all, will take a lot of punishment at times. After reviewing a number of cases of over-eating, and eating indigestible objects such as spoons and forks, Drs Eldridge L. Eliason and Valentine W. M. Wright, told fellow members of the Philadelphia Academy of Surgery that the human gastro-intestinal tract is capable of expeditiously caring for many most extraordinary variable, and numerous foreign bodies."

But the restaurant proprietor who advertises all you can eat for a dollar is taking a big chance with some possible customers.

A hard starting car is an aggravation, particularly in cold weather. It invariably indicates that gas mileage, power, speed and acceleration have declined badly. Change to new Champion Spark Plugs now and note the new speed with which your engine starts, the renewed ability to accelerate and the measurable increase in gasoline mileage. We sincerely believe you cannot afford to accept spark plugs less dependable than Champions.

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WORLD'S LARGEST HANGAR

THE world's largest aircraft hangars will be erected soon by the Pan American Airways at Miami. Excavating work has started for an enormous twin steel structure containing 76,000 square feet.

The site is at the old "Tanner Key," now famous as the International Pan American Airport on South Bayshore Drive. The new hangar will occupy a portion of the space between the smaller hangars and the United States Coast Guard base.

One of the structures, to be 210 by 180 feet will include two large adjoining shop buildings, one three stories high and the other two stories. The huge hangar will have an open floor space 150 by 190 feet. This space will not only accommodate the present Clipper ships in Pan American service, but still larger ones with enormous wing spans to be constructed in the near future.

The steel hulls of the present Clippers stand some 25 feet above the ground and their wings have a spread of 118 feet. Future ships will be both of greater wing span and greater height. The new hangar, with its 35 feet of "head room," will be able to house them.

There is a second structure at the same site already under way. This building will house Pan American's Miami motor and machine shops. Its size will be 100 by 180 feet. It will be a monitor type steel structure, two stories high. The building will contain 22,600 square feet of floor space. Footings and foundations are already completed and the erection of structural steel will start shortly. When completed, the International Airport at Miami will have a total of 118,600 square feet of hangar space—the world's largest hangar.

SEX OR BRAINS?

What makes a Hollywood Star?

ONE GIRL SUCCEEDS—THOUSANDS FAIL! WHY?
Is it brains, talent, ... or an Adonis-like figure? It's that and some other things. You'll find Valeska Gert's story of how stars are picked. Now all the inside story, told in words and pictures in January Screen Guide.
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"Sing, Baby, Sing"

MISS FLOY ADELE ROSSMAN, music teacher and psychologist, has found that babies actually can be taught to sing before they are trained to talk. Miss Rossman, an authority on child psychology, who has taught at Columbia University and the Guggenheim Foundation, began her musical training of children some years ago soon after she graduated from the University of Minnesota. She has experimented with hundreds of babies. At present she is a member of the faculty of the Child Training Institute of New York. As the result of her experiments, Miss Rossman is convinced that teaching babies to sing has a definite therapeutic value. This article describes Miss Rossman's methods and gives some of her valuable advice to parents

You can teach your baby to sing before it begins to talk. There is no reason to wait. A baby will sing as naturally as a kitten will purr. It is not difficult for the mother to guide her baby's purring or babbling into definite musical sounds.

Miss Rossman, experimenting with babies for many years, has found that infants only four months old will respond to musical guidance. With proper coaching the ga-ga sound which a baby makes soon after its birth becomes in time a two-tone high and low ga-ga. It takes only little more patience to transform that ga-ga into the musical lullaby or bye-bye.

In training babies to sing," says Miss Rossman, "it is of importance to adopt a unique procedure. A mother should never try to teach her baby to sing at regular song. Many sounds confuse the infant. At a year or year and a half to two years the infant can grasp only simple sounds of two tones, gradually more tones and rhythms are added and the baby is able to sing a song by itself when it reaches the age of three or four.

Even a two year old baby or sleepy child resents harsh shocks of tone and pitch that divert the baby's attention. Therefore Miss Rossman advises that the lullaby or a two-tone, simple sing-song should be as far apart as thirds or fifths to begin with, and sung with a soft tone. As soon as the infant's attention wanders away from the singing, stop. It will soon drift quietly. The song should be dropped or changed to another tone, pitch or rhythm if the baby's attention.

A second Miss Rossman's first step in training a baby to sing is by way of example. The baby is still too young to repeat the sounds, but will enjoy the rhythm and melody. It has been proven that as early as the first week the baby can recognize a song it will try to imitate the song after a few weeks with rather inaccurate gurgling sounds and a soft, light tone. The little baby has a naturally soft and high pitched voice. Mothers should use the same tone the baby sings in the baby. The voices of adults are so harsh that even the ordinary speaking voice of an adult should be avoided. It is best to use a harsh voice only when disciplining. Jazz music from the radio and phonograph is also bad for nervous babies. Miss Rossman believes.

After the period of infancy stage when the baby is about five or six months old the child is ready for its first singing lesson. The pictures on top of this page show a baby going through its first instruction. The simplest words in two tones, such as bye-bye baby or la-la, hoo-hoo ding-dong choo-choo should be used. The baby will readily imitate these sounds but care should be taken not to force the baby to do it if it doesn't feel like singing.

The next steps are the so-called play songs. As soon as the baby begins to observe things around itself it tries to imitate sounds of animals or motions. The baby illustrated on the left is in this stage. It looks at a large cat and is impressed by its size. If there is a ball in front of the baby it will ask for it with the sing-song. Feel it to me, which it has learned from the mother. So if the mother says:

Where is the baby's table, baby will answer in the same tone and pitch.

Here's the baby's table.

The immortal Spanish [illegible] wrote in two tones. When there's music there can be no sadness. If the baby is cranky, Miss Rossman thinks it would be fatal to soothe when it hears singing voice. Hence when parents want the baby to do something they should sing the request. When they want to wash the baby's face they should sing. Here's soap and wash your face. Or [illegible] things and sing your request. [illegible] the baby will be the most pleasant task with a singing face.

Experimenting continually with babies Miss Rossman now says in the soft sounds that she herself creates arouses the baby's musical [illegible]. Harsh tones of her are never cross. No other human being is apt [illegible] her for singing arouses it changes the pool to a smile after a short time. Miss Rossman. Yet she never forces the baby to sing. She [illegible] realizes this ability to appreciate [illegible] fact that every baby likes to hear its own voice and a sound of [illegible] the baby's sing song and [illegible] Every mother can get the same results with her own baby.

After the baby is out of the play song stage it will accept rhythm in the songs. When singing the simple tunes of Jack Tock the mother should beat softly and playfully the time with her fingers on the chair or table. Soon the baby will try to imitate the pat pat with its body or hands and then adjust it to its own song. The progress in this stage is so fast it is necessary, according to Miss Rossman, that the [illegible] of rhythm be spontaneous with the baby. The work should be [illegible] moments at a time. The sense of rhythm can be taught the baby also by walking with the infant to the time of a march played on the radio or gramophone. The baby pictured at the bottom of this page has acquired the sense of rhythm and will sing see-saw perfectly timed to the up and down of the balancing plank.

When the baby grows out of its period of mere imitation it begins to observe things more acutely and with more understanding. It starts to imitate a person, now a sparrow's peep. A baby's [illegible] It soon notices the drip drop of the water tap and tries to hear the wind around the corner. Once the baby accomplishes this it reaches the stage of play as [illegible] as Miss Rossman calls it.

During the play [illegible] the baby learns the words. The baby already knows that the fish pedlar the push cart man, the sweet grinder and the [illegible] peddler. After all this [illegible] the baby can be taught [illegible] songs. By the time it is two or three years old it will be able to sing by itself the Three Little Kittens, Red Ring Hole and many others.

There is no difference between a [illegible] baby's and girl's musical [illegible] songs are concerned. Both sexes begin singing at the same age [illegible] only on the individual ability.

The real purpose of Miss Rossman's work, however, is not to teach babies to become singers. Her aim goes [illegible] She believes that a child who [illegible] over [illegible] to [illegible] to sing. It is not [illegible] whether the baby is going to become a great singer. But she [illegible] early acquaintance [illegible] and other [illegible] prepares the [illegible] a happy [illegible] She believes that [illegible] has a [illegible] therapeutic value. It is the [illegible] and [illegible] and [illegible] and [illegible] expression. The soft singing [illegible] The baby's [illegible] [illegible] and natural crying [illegible] [illegible] The [illegible] becomes [illegible] the baby's character.

Miss [illegible] stresses the [illegible] observation that babies [illegible] they are [illegible] best. If [illegible] will not sing together with other babies. Not only because they are unable to [illegible] but because they are too [illegible] [illegible] wants to be heard. Space does not [illegible] results.

by American Weekly [illegible] Hearst Publications

The Golden Rose

by Mignon G. Eberhart

Author of The White Cockatoo, Murder By An Aristocrat, Etc.

(Continued from Page 12)

and Bess so terribly bitter. And to do it so!

"I—see," said Randy. "Unless The murderer gets Lewis first."

"How could it be a relief a means of proving himself controlled and equal to that ugly emergency for Randy to talk when he said things like that!

That sudden, poignant terror was stirring in Jennifer again. She pushed cold hands against hot temples and said in a thin flat voice. "He doesn't know who killed her."

"He'll find out."

Randy, you don't mean you think, too, that it was one of us?" Senselessly in there." It can't be. It couldn't have happened. It's a sheer physical impossibility. The elevator man's wrong. That's it. On the verge of her argument it became frail and tenuous and vanished.

Perhaps," said Randy.

Besides," said Jennifer. "It's the jewel. The Golden Rose."

The oppositeness of names struck Jennifer only then and she caught her breath sharply and Randy made a queer abrupt motion as if he were thrusting something away from him, and said harshly. "It's hot out here. Bad as in the apartment."

A shadow blurred the band of light and Jennifer's muscles tightened. It was Boris Valasek.

I say," he began, "what are we going to do? Can't we, as something about 'em' once, Randy." He's making an awful mistake anything might happen."

Randy shrugged and did not answer, and Boris went on uneasily. "It's not a good thing, you know, keeping us shut up like this if somebody in there—did murder her."

Jennifer didn't like his soft, sullen voice. Didn't like the gentle way it drifted through the dusk and the heat. More than anything, didn't like the suggestion it did not trouble to veil.

It was too true. All those cars going along Lake Shore Drive below them, within sight and sound. The lights. The nearness of civilization. Yet they were cut off from it in an island of black hot isolation.

We ought," said Boris sulkily, "to take a stand against him. My God, what's that?"

A wail, inexpressibly desolate and weary, rose out of the black gulf below them, rose and swelled higher and was joined by others and all at once there was a wild strange cacophony of sound—high, weird—lost and confounded in uncertainty and longing.

It was shocking. It was dreadful. It was like people lost and waiting for their sins. Like hyenas laughing hideously. Like nothing describable. It swelled above the civilized murmur of traffic it blotted out the sense of nearness to the twentieth century. It swept them back through unknown years to a remembered past. There were snarls and shrieks and sobs.

"What is it?" gasped Jennifer, clutching the balustrade and Randy said suddenly and shakenly. "It's only the animals. The zoo. Something's disturbed them."

"The zoo?" cried Boris. "It's like all the demons in Hell."

Jennifer's delicate fingernails polished and lovely were bruised by the tension of her grip upon the balustrade. Primitive, earth-old fears were pushing through the crusts of civilization. The balustrade—the balcony—the apartment house was the very apotheosis of twentieth century civilization. And the lost wailing of animals in the fathomless black pit, twenty-one stories below, rising in its abandon and its desolation above all sounds of motorcars and police whistles, penetrating that blackness and heat, made her skin prickle in recognition.

Savagery had broken loose in that apartment behind them, too. But it was not caged. And it had human whiteness and cunning and the power of deception.

Randy—Jennifer—" It was Arnold's voice from the window.

Randy turned with a quick nervous jerk.

Well, show about to start?"

She could see Arnold's silhouette thick about the waist with sloping narrow shoulders the most expert tailoring could not disguise. His face, of course was in shadow, but he was mopping it again and he said queerly.

Morris found something. He's found the knife."

Nobody moved. Boris Valasek sighed and said softly. "Knife? Where?"

It's one of the fruit knives," said Arnold. Damn sharp. It's got blood on it. Around the handle. And there's blood—"

His voice choked and he repeated loudly and forcibly.—"blood in one of the fingerbowls. Everybody says that's what it is. You can see. Almost scarlet the water is, now, you hold the glass bowl over a white paper."

He mopped his face.

The knife," he said, "was under the table in the dining-room. You'd better come in."

The shadowy balcony, with its dim bars of light, its three half-visible figures, was silent for a moment. Then Randy laughed strangely, as it wasn't a laugh. Well," he said, "we'll go under the table, then. Poor, one of the fingerbowls. I guess that fixes it."

Whose fingerbowl," asked Boris softly.

Arnold was silent. As there was something quite inscrutable in the hesitation. I guess," he said. And added hopelessly. "But it could have been anybody's. Moved to Jennifer's place. I mean, while the candles were on."

Boris began, hoarsely speaking in a high voice that wasn't like his own. There was no blood in my fingerbowl. No blood."

Randy's hand was on her bare arm.

Steady, Jenny. Nobody thinks

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

The Golden Rose

by Mignon G. Eberhart

Author of The White Cockatoo, Murder By An Aristocrat, Etc.

(Continued from Page 16)

were cocktails; everybody was talking. There wasn't anything done or said that was at all unusual, except that everybody was talking about the weather. I can't seem to recall Donna and Randy arriving, but I remember that it was only a few moments before dinner was announced.

"That's all. I didn't see Rose. I had no reason to suspect her presence until we came out of the dining-room after dinner. The last time I saw her was I can't remember exactly, but I think it was at the Wardlows' ball last winter. I didn't leave the table. I didn't kill her. And I don't know who did."

Her strident voice ceased abruptly. Lewis said: "Thank you, Frances. Alice?"

Alice bridled: "I arrived just before Mrs. Cramper-Farquarson, I suppose. At any rate, Jenny and Boris Valasek were already here. Of course, I didn't know Rose was here—and I didn't kill her."

She paused, and her small, ringed hands clawed at the arms of her chair and she added: "That's all, I guess."

There wasn't, perhaps they all felt, much use in questioning Alice; her bird-like mind would release what it chose to release, retain anything it chose to retain. There was, however, a queer look of brightness in her eyes as she spoke of Rose, something shining and excited.

Jennifer thought: she's always hated Rose. Rose kept her from marrying Lewis. And then, with a sort of shock, she's glad Rose is dead. Am I—Jenny Shore—am I glad Rose is dead? Rose—whom Randy loved, too.

What had Boris called her? A Helen. Poor Rose.

They went on, each telling his story at length, each clearing himself, one of them lying.

Donna had arrived when the party was in full swing; she thought she was the last to arrive. She could remember nothing unusual; she hadn't known Rose well—hadn't seen her for months. She knew nothing in the way of evidence. She had thought there was a feeling of nervousness, of strain, during dinner, but had attributed it to the heat. She leaned languidly against her chair and took another cigarette.

Randy was brief and looked sullen and obstinate, as he always did, thought Jennifer, when he was deeply troubled. He came up in the elevator, of course; everybody was there, they went in to dinner. He didn't see how it could have happened. There was the episode of the candles, of course, but there was not enough time for anyone to have done what was done.

He paused there and looked at his cigarette for a moment, and then went on. He knew Rose, they all knew Rose. But he didn't know anything about the murder. And that was all except that, with a look at Donna, he'd been certain he arrived last. "Not that it matters," said Randy.

Donna lifted long, slender, black eyebrows and said nothing, and Arnold began. And Arnold was no more illuminant than the others. He'd seen nothing, he knew nothing, he was very distressed. And with all respect to Lewis, he thought they should call the police.

Lewis looked at him and fingered something in the tiny pocket of his waistcoat and asked if anyone had been in the book-room, or had seen anyone entering or leaving it. No one had, or, at least, admitted it.

And Jennifer thought: I was there before they came. But only Lewis knows it and he trusts me.

Well, then, during that small interval while the dining-room had been dark, had anything suspicious occurred? Obviously there wasn't time for anyone to leave the dining-room, stab Rose, return and dispose of the knife. But was there anything at all that could be classified as suspicious?

They were uncertain about that; confused and inaccurate.

"One thing," said Alice. "The lights. Why were not the electric lights turned on? I wondered about that at the time."

The crystal-hung chandelier was down, being cleaned, explained Lewis. The glare of unprotected lights would have been most unpleasant. He'd told Mori not to turn them on.

It was about then that someone remembered that of them all, Lewis himself had been the only one to face the foyer and, beyond it, the drawing-room. Had he seen nothing?

"Do you think," said Lewis with a kind of cold savagery, "that I sat there and watched a woman being murdered and made no move to stop it?"

"But the murder could have coincided with the moment or two of darkness and confusion," said Arnold thoughtfully.

"Except that no murderer escaped," said Lewis. "There was no one here except—us."

So it went on. A welter of questions, of answers, of speculation. Every now and then an hypothesis that always somewhere broke down under Lewis' questions, which probed as keenly as his sharpest instruments had ever probed.

About midnight the storm which had held off so long broke at last in a tumult of thunder and lightning and rain. It brought, however, no relief. Rather the crash and tumult outside bore an eldritch kinship to the ugliness and confusion inside. It was not, even, cooler, for the rain swept in through the long windows and Mori scurried to close them and the laden air of the hot day and night was bottled up with them.

Rain slanted blackly against the shining black panes of glass. Rose looked down at them, from the canvas above the fireplace, and seemed alive and listening.

And Lewis, inexorable, kept on. Their exhaustion, their anxiety, were nothing to him.

There hadn't been, in all that talk, much said of the disappearance of the jewel.

"It is important," Lewis had said, and repeatedly, "only because it was taken from the safe."

"Oh, Lewis," cried Alice shrilly, "let us go!"

Boris Stood Just Above the Spot Where They Had Found Rose. "Very well," He Said, "I knew her."

CHAPTER VI.

Family Secrets.

NOBODY had questioned Jennifer, and she had volunteered nothing. Here it was knew that he had shown her the Rose. Boris Valasek had said practically nothing, also, but he moved just then to reach for an ash-tray and every eye in the room darted toward him, and Alice blinked rapidly and said:

"He has said nothing. We forgot him. And he didn't offer to tell his story—"

"I have no story," said Boris silkily. "I did not speak because I knew nothing. I can add nothing to what has been said. However," he shrugged, "when I arrived at—close on a quarter to nine, Mr. Pennick greeted me at the door of the elevator. We talked a bit and he led me into this room and the man came in with a tray of cocktails. Then the bell rang. I suppose somebody else was arriving, and just then Miss Jennifer came from another room. Mr. Pennick went to the elevator and Miss Jennifer and I talked. The rest of the people came. I didn't note the exact order of their arrival, of course. I didn't know the—unfortunate lady you call Rose. You all talked of her at dinner and I admired the portrait as we stood here before dinner drinking cocktails. That's all," said Boris pleasantly, "except that—since I did not know her and the rest of you appear to have known her extremely well, I should appreciate it very much if you would be good enough to permit me to leave."

Alice was leaning forward.

"What do you mean, Jennifer came from another room?" she asked quickly.

Boris looked at Alice slowly, shrugged again, and said: "Why—only that she had arrived before me. Simple."

"What room?" said Alice tensely.

Boris gestured with one handsome hand toward the book-room.

"From there, I think. Does it matter?"

Alice, as if about to snatch up a sword, darted her sharp little face toward Lewis.

"That's where your safe is. In the book-room."

It's coming, thought Jennifer. But did the theft of the jewel really have anything to do with Rose's murder? Jennifer's heart began to pound.

"And Jenny Shore," went on Alice quickly, "needs money. She said only that, and leaned back again in her high-backed chair with her eyes shining.

Lewis did not look at Jennifer. No one looked at Jennifer. Lewis said slowly: "Jenny does not need money. Alice, Jenny did not take the Rose."

"Jenny does need money," said Alice. "She has lost every bit of the money you took care of for her so long, invested for her, you said. She bought stocks and sold at the wrong times, and she needs money. They do say," said Alice, "that that's why she's marrying Arnold Dunham. But that's only talk, I expect."

Lewis was white and his face looked hard.

"If Jenny needed money, she knew that all that was necessary was to tell me. Jenny is like a daughter to me."

"But she is not actually your daughter, Lewis. Remember that."

Jennifer's heart was thudding; she knew she must speak.

"Lewis, I—Alice is right in that I did lose my money. I made unwise investments; I didn't want to tell you because it would grieve you. And I was in the book-room—"

"My dear, I know. Don't." Lewis seemed to give her one look from behind those frankly gleaming eyeglasses before he spoke definitely to the others. "Jenny arrived early. I took her into the book-room myself. When the first guest arrived—that was Valasek—I went to answer the bell. Jenny followed me immediately—"

"Did he show you The Golden Rose?" Alice's voice was as high as the piercing whistle of a bird. It shrilled through the room and no one could have heard the remainder of Lewis' sentence. Now they were all looking at her. Jennifer could feel their eyes like thrusts.

She said, miserably: "Yes."

It was all Alice wanted. "Queer," said something away back in Jennifer's mind. "She's been hating me, too, and I didn't know it."

"You see," said Alice complacently, and leaned back in her chair.

Randy, quite suddenly was on his feet, striding up to Alice.

"Alice, are you trying to make it look as though Jenny stole the jewel, and killed Rose?" he demanded hotly. "She didn't and you know it. She had no reason to kill Rose. And you did."

A strange flame shot from Alice's small eyes and her face was very sharp, she cried: "Rose took you away from Jenny, Randy, and you were too stupid to know it. Rose took you—and your millions—from Jenny Shore."

"Randy!" It was Lewis, commandingly, warningly.

But Alice hadn't sense enough to stop. Secure in feminine immunity, she looked at Randy and smiled thinly. "You and your millions that you'll inherit from Lewis, now Rose is dead. Did you kill her, Randy?"

Lewis was at Randy's side. Arnold was there, too, holding Randy's hands, for he looked as if he were about to twist Alice's unpleasant little neck. Donna Champbell stirred, and the ink-blue sequins on her gown rippled and shithered, and she said: "Look out, Alice. Your tongue will go too far one day. After all, you know a second murder wouldn't help us out of this mess."

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Cramper-Farquarson energetically, and pulled the ottoman closer to her. "How could there be another murder! Don't say things like that, Donna."

"How could there be another murder?" said Donna lazily. Her blue-shadowed eyes slid slowly around to Mrs Cramper-Farquarson and lingered there thoughtfully. Her eyelashes were stiff and weighted with mascara. Her mouth, that vivid red above the whiteness of her bosom. She said simply: "Why not?"

The murderer there, in that hot room with the lashing storm outside, that was, of course, what she meant. What they were all conscious of, what they dared not forget. And Lewis bent on revenge.

Arnold, wiping his face, was talking soothingly.

"—we'll never get anywhere. You'd better call the police, Lewis. Turn the thing over to them."

And Randy, jerking himself free, looked suddenly across the room toward Boris and said: "I wouldn't have said anything, Valasek. But if everybody's coming out with evidence—you see, about Rose. I saw you together. Twice."

He'd said something like that before, hadn't he? Jennifer sought through her memory of those kaleidoscopic hours. Yes, he'd said that Boris knew Rose as well as any of them. But nobody had noted it; there'd been too much else.

Boris said now: "You are mistaken," and brushed an ash from his coat sleeve.

And Alice cried: "Randy's trying to divert suspicion. Why doesn't Jenny tell what she did with the jewel if she didn't take it?"

Jennifer took a long breath, and pushed her blonde hair back from her hot forehead.

"I put it in the safe," she said. "The bell rang while I was looking at the Rose. Uncle Lewis said to put it in the safe, and he went away. I did so almost immediately. I'm sure I closed the safe; I heard it click."

"It's behind a panel in the wall," said Lewis. "Did you whirl the knob of the safe, Jenny?"

"No. I didn't know anything about it. I just closed it."

"Does that mean that the safe was unlocked?" asked Arnold Dunham suddenly.

"The safe, yes. The panel, however, was closed. No one would know that the safe was there—no one, that is, who didn't already know of its existence."

"Who knew of its existence?" That was Mrs. Cramper-Farquarson.

Lewis hesitated. "Only one other besides myself. That is, Jennifer, of course, knew there was a safe. And perhaps Randy. Perhaps even Alice."

"I did not!" shrilled Alice.

"—but only one other person knew how to open it. That person is dead, you see."

There was a short silence. Then Mrs. Cramper-Farquarson said: "And I suppose that person was Rose."

Lewis did not assent; he didn't need to. Rose had built the apartment. Rose had sold it to Lewis. And now the safe had been opened, the jewel was gone. And Rose, mysteriously present in that apartment, was dead.

Thunder rolled and crashed and shook the very walls. Yet it was still so terrifically hot inside the apartment. Jennifer's face felt moist and the make-up had streaked on Mrs. Cramper-Farquarson's long cheeks. Donna's arms looked pasty-white and damp, and Arnold kept mopping his red face and smoothing his thin fine hair. Only Boris seemed not to mind the heat; Boris and Alice.

The men's white collars were wrinkled, their white ties drooping. Back there, in her barricaded corner, Mrs. Cramper-Farquarson's red satin was crushed and her dark hair in straight wisps. From above the hugh room, with its mellow lights, its shadows, Rose Farquarson's image looked serenely down upon them—upon their hot, taut faces, their wilted gowns. Jennifer could hardly see the door into the bedroom where Rose herself lay. Lay, so pitiable in her old-fashioned gown. That gown—again Jennifer thought of it and wondered.

"Then do you mean that only Rose besides yourself could have opened the safe?" It was Mrs. Cramper-Farquarson again, inquisitorially, pinning the thing down.

Lewis did not wince. He said, very slowly: "Rose knew of the panel; she knew how to open it. That doesn't mean, as you are implying, that she came here to rob me. And The Golden Rose—was not concealed about her."

"We can't be sure, Lewis," said Arnold, "that the theft and murder must go together, you know. Suppose the—whatever it is you call The Golden Rose is gone, that doesn't mean it has anything to do with Rose's murder. I honestly think, Lewis, that you'd better call the police."

Randy was still watching Boris

(Continued on Page 18)

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Serving the Buffet Supper

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

DECORATIVE and full of eye-appeal as well as a temptation to taste, the buffet supper is the ideal form of hospitality for the hostess who is also her own maid. Even with service and assistance, this type of party is liked by everyone because of its delightful informality. Guests help themselves from the attractively-laid table, and taking with them their food and drink, choose where and with whom they prefer to sit and talk.

In origin, this handsome array of foods, self-service plan, probably stems from the famous "smorgasbrod" table of Swedish custom, or from the less-known but equally sumptuous appetizer table of old Russia, known as "zakouski." In both cases, these large and dramatically-placed tables are covered with a profusion of viands, various and colorful, so arranged in small dishes or platters that each guest may pass from one to the other, choosing the morsels and portions of his choice. In large metropolitan hotels, too, there is generally a center table laid out similarly with assorted cold cuts, fish or fowl, eggs in mayonnaise, salads, relishes and unusual sweets.

The simplest menu for a buffet is assorted sandwiches, an interesting piquant salad, relishes, a beverage and sometimes small cakes. To make the menu more elaborate, first serve a novel appetizer or canape, and introduce a hot dish made in the electric chafing-dish, grill, toaster or waffle-iron, as the main dish.

Before developing the details of the menu, find some "motive" theme or color plan to give an original keynote to the table, its china, napery and decorations. Thus, the nautical motive may be worked out in red, white and blue linens, a crystal boat centerpiece, small glass fish-shaped plates, gay individual casseroles ornamented with scarlet crabs and their claws.

Naturally, for such a table the main hot dish might easily be curried crabmeat, lobster or shrimp Newburg, or a delectable oyster hot-pot, prepared and kept hot in an electrically-heated table unit. Or, an elaborate fish salad or aspic might serve equally well as the chief dish, with relishes on the side.

Hunting or other outdoor sports form another table theme, and china featuring hunting scenes, with gay-colored napkins and centerpiece of harvest fruits, is one suggestion. Here the menu could be developed around baked ham or a hot creamed ham dish, sausages grilled on the electric grill, or some variety of the popular waffle and sausage combination.

A rich, tasty soup such as oyster stew, pepperpot, onion soup or mulligatawny could be included, especially if the supper really tops a day in the open—winter sports or long motor rides.

Other themes especially popular just now are those taken from regions such as Old Mexico, the Caribbean, or South America. One reason for this popularity is that attractive pottery and other accessories made in those places are available, and do much to lend color to the table setting.

Whether it be the simple Sunday night snack or the very elaborate formal buffet which assumes all the importance of a wedding reception, the method of table setting is similar. The table is backed against the long wall of the room, covered with a lace or linen cloth. Tall candles may be arranged symmetrically in the center or at the ends, so as to set off the centerpiece or chief table equipment. At one end is placed the coffee percolator or other beverage-dispenser, while at the opposite end is placed the electric grill, toaster and chafing-dish containing the chief hot dish. In between, but always arranged with balance and recognition of form, are the rows of forks, spoons and small supper knives necessary. Plates are piled one-above-the-other, and napkins placed on each plate in the pile or nearby on the table. The table should not appear too crowded, and everything on it should harmonize in color and feeling.

While the usual everyday electrical equipment of percolator, toaster, etc., are suitable for these special suppers, the hostess with means who cares to make the most of such smart functions can well investigate the advantages of several pieces of new electrical equipment.

For example, when a crowd is to be entertained, or where a full course dinner is planned, the new black-finished, covered oblong electrical roasters come in handy. In these, a whole small turkey, or two ducks or chickens, with vegetables and accessories, may be roasted and served at the table. Placed crosswise at one end of the table, this unit is as good-looking as it is convenient.

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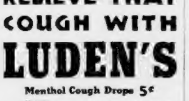

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RESINOL OINTMENT and SOAP

The Golden Rose

by Mignon G. Eberhart

Author of "The White Cockatoo," "Murder By An Architect," Etc.

(Continued from Page 17)

Valasek. "I am not mistaken," he said. "I saw you together. Twice. Once at the Dyche—you were lunching together. Once you were walking down Michigan Boulevard toward the bridge. I am not mistaken."

Again the curiously spasmodic, yet at the same time grimly steady and motivated line of inquiry observed—see-sawed—to Boris. They waited, with new speculations in that waiting silence, and Boris rose and walked toward the fireplace and stood there, just above the spot where Rose, crumpled and dead in the old-fashioned white satin, had waited for them to find her. He opened an enameled Russian case and took a cigarette and tapped it slowly and lighted it.

Then he looked at Randy, and said: "Very well. I knew her, yes. I lied when I said I did not know her; it was the sort of lie a representative of his government may adopt when necessary. I knew Rose Farquarson. I knew her because one is willing to pay sums of money for certain—items of information."

"Rose," hissed Alice clutching her chair and leaning forward amid limp mauve laces, "was a spy."

Boris looked at her coldly.

"Not at all," he said. "The items of information were merely matters of common knowledge. Common, but difficult to obtain from a source which would not make a mistake. Which would be accurate. Rose Farquarson had ways of discovering such things. And she did not make mistakes. That is, as a rule."

"As a rule!" boomed Mrs. Cramper-Farquarson, and Boris shrugged and said: "I was thinking of her murder."

Lewis, looking gray and ill, had put his hand upon the tall back of a chair, as if for support. A little cloud of beige smoke veiled Boris' dark face. "And Rose," added Boris, "told me that she—was afraid of Randy Pennick. Because she stood in the way of his inheritance."

"You lie!"

Boris continued imperturbably. "You see, Randy needs money. And if Lewis were to die, as Madame Alice Pennick has already so astutely pointed out, still Randy could not come into the Pennick millions until Rose, too, was dead. And Rose told me, only a week ago, that Lewis Pennick is suffering from an incurable heart affliction."

He looked, only then, away from Randy's furious, desperate young eyes and toward Lewis. He made a kind of small bow and added: "Forgive the pain I have caused you. Believe me, it was because, as your nephew has said, it is a time when politeness—what is your charming American expression—goes by the board? Takes a back seat?"

"Lewis, is that true?" demanded Alice.

"Oh, yes," said Lewis wearily. "But you can't tell—I may last for years——" he paused, and Boris continued, softly this time and gently: "Randy Pennick was the last to arrive. I saw him enter from the elevator door. You did not meet him, Mr. Pennick. How was that? Has your nephew the right to enter your apartment at any time?"

Donna said abruptly: "Randy was here when I arrived. I believe I was last."

"The elevator man knows my nephew, of course. He did not announce him." Lewis paused thoughtfully again. "I'll have him up here, yes. But I beg of you to remember that later, when the police take the case, the elevator man will be an important witness."

There was that, of course, and it held a definite threat, no matter what story Lewis had for the police, it would inevitably come out that he had known of the murder for hours before he called them.

And that not only had Lewis Pennick known it and failed to call the police, but every one of the others was equally culpable.

Arnold Dunham said, rather hurriedly: "Why not just ask him over the telephone? Ask him exactly when Randy came up to the apartment. Although, Rose being murdered while we were having dinner, I don't see that it matters just how and when people arrived."

"There was blood," said Donna abruptly, "in the fingerbowls. If it was actually put there during that short space of time when the candles were out—then the murder must have been done before dinner."

"It couldn't have been done before dinner," boomed Mrs. Cramper-Farquarson. "We know that the knife was dipped in the fingerbowl and tossed under the table later. That's obvious."

"You mean, after dinner?" inquired Arnold. "Who's been in the dining-room since then?"

"Any of us might have been," said Lewis wearily. "There was a lot of confusion. I don't see how we can attempt to pin down the exact time that was done—unless, of course, someone saw it——" he paused, but no one spoke and he continued: "As I see it the blood in the fingerbowl only proves it was one of us. It was obviously not there when the bowl was placed on the table——"

Alice said: "It was at your place, Jennifer," and Mori shook his head violently and cried: "No blood there. Mister Penni, no blood. Water clean."

"The water was perfectly clear when I saw it," said Jennifer steadily. "I know nothing of how it got there." A fleeting memory stirred. "But the knife was gone before the fruit course," she said. "I saw Mori counting knives—opening a drawer as if to take another."

Lewis looked at Mori. "Is that right?"

Out of a soft flood of vehement, entangled English he found a reply.

"He says he counted eight knives and put them on the sideboard just before the first dinner guest arrived——"

"Jennifer," said Alice, "in case anyone has forgotten," Randy gave her a black look, and Lewis went on as if he had not heard, "—and that when he went to the sideboard before he served the fruit there were only seven knives there. That he saw no one in the dining-room before dinner, but he was busy in the kitchen helping with the canapes. He says that's all he knows about it."

"That means, then," said Randy suddenly, "that the murder was done after the knives were laid out and before the candles were blown out by the wind just as dinner ended."

"It means," said Arnold, "that it had to be done between the time we left this room to enter the dining-room and returned to it. During which time—"

"No one of us left the table," Lewis concluded it for him. "But Rose was murdered. You don't deny that, do you?"

"But look here, Lewis. You've got to be reasonable!"

"Of course, if the knife could have been dipped in a fingerbowl during the moment of darkness—you must admit, Lewis, it would serve admirably to confuse us. Distribute the—er—evidence, so to speak. No one could have foreseen that moment of darkness. But someone—an opportunist—could have taken advantage of it." It was Mrs. Cramper-Farquarson speaking, and she stopped suddenly and looked as perplexed as a woman born and destined to grace a perpetual chairmanship may look. She added slowly: "There was something—when that happened—a noise. I remember it now—"

(Continued on Page 19)

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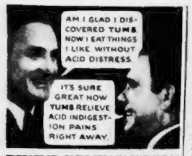
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WISE

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Easily Prepared Cheese Dishes

By Mary Lee Swann,
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

CHEESE, which is a satisfying substitute for the more expensive meat dishes, can be used in many ways. Nearly all cheese dishes are surprisingly simple to prepare. They are attractive to look upon and, when carefully prepared, are as delicious as they are nourishing and palatable. Not only are the old stand-by dishes of cheese pudding, cheese soufflé, cheese straws, etc., valuable in the lower-cost menus, but one can fashion many new and original dishes with American cheese as well as with the various newer kinds of cheese.

Cheese soups, combination cheese sandwiches, luncheon or supper main dishes, salads, pies, cakes, rolls, tea biscuits, eclairs, cake frostings and confections, all present recipes that are pleasingly possible.

Cheese, like meat, is a rich, highly-concentrated food and should be served in combination with vegetables, fruits, breads, etc. Extending the flavor of savory cheese with bland, inexpensive foods, is an adventure in housekeeping that should intrigue any woman.

Cheese Potato Soup.

COOK 3 or 4 medium-sized potatoes in 1 pint boiling salted water until tender. Press through fruit press or sieve, saving the liquid. Add sufficient boiling water to make 1 pint of the liquid. Add 1 pint milk, scalded with 1 slice of onion. Melt 3 tablespoons butter, add 2 tablespoons flour and blend well. Add a few grains pepper, ½ tablespoon salt and the milk and potato mixture. Reheat and strain. Add ¼ pound grated American cheese and beat until smooth. Serve very hot with or without a garnish of a little chopped parsley.

Creole Rarebit.

MELT 2 tablespoons butter, add 2 tablespoons minced green pepper and 1 tablespoon minced onion. Cook gently about 5 minutes. Add 2 tablespoons flour and blend well. Add 1 cup milk and stir constantly until creamy. Add 1 pint grated American cheese and stir over hot water until cheese is melted. Add 1 pint stewed tomatoes or strained tomato pulp and 2 beaten egg yolks. Season to taste with pepper and about ½ teaspoon salt. Mix well. Fold in 2 stiffly-beaten egg whites and turn into buttered baking dish. Bake about ¼ hour in a moderate oven, or at about 350 degrees. Serve immediately on hot toast.

Nourishing Cheese and Milk Soup.

MELT 1½ tablespoons butter, add 2 tablespoons flour and blend well. Add a few grains pepper, 1 teaspoon salt and 1½ pints milk. Stir constantly until creamy and smooth. Add ¼ pound grated American cheese and beat until smooth. Serve hot with tiny fried croutons or cubes of bread delicately browned in a little butter.

"After the Game" Rarebit.

TO ½ pound sliced American or a similar cheese, add ½ cup thick canned tomato soup. Heat over hot water until smooth. Add 1 beaten egg and ½ cup cream. Stir constantly until egg is set. Add a few grains salt and about ½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce.

Cheese Soufflé.

MELT ¼ cup butter, add 3 tablespoons flour and blend well. Add 1 cup milk and stir constantly until creamy and smooth. Add 1 cup grated American cheese and stir over hot water until cheese is melted. Add 3 egg yolks, a few grains pepper, ½ teaspoon salt and 1 teaspoon onion juice. Beat well and fold in 3 stiffly-beaten egg whites. Turn into a buttered baking dish and set in a pan of water. Bake in a moderate oven or at about 325 degrees.

Cheese Baking-Powder Biscuits.

MIX and sift 1 pint flour, 1 teaspoon salt and 2 teaspoons baking-powder. Work in 2 tablespoons butter and ¼ pound grated American cheese. Gradually add about ⅔ cup milk, or just enough to make a dough that can be handled. Toss out on a lightly-floured board. Pat and roll ½ inch thick and cut in very small rounds. Place on baking sheet and bake in a hot oven, or at about 375 degrees, 12 to 15 minutes.

American Weekly Patterns

Pattern 3774—PLAY "SANTA" WITH YOUR NEEDLE—AND STITCH UP THIS GAY DOLL WARDROBE CONSISTING OF PERT JUMPER FROCK, ROMPERS, SUN BONNET, AND COZY SKI SUIT. Designed for dolls measuring 12, 14, 16, 18 and 22 inches. For individual yardages see pattern.

Pattern 3777—HOUSEHOLD TASKS SEEM LIGHTER WHEN YOU WEAR ONE OF THESE CHEERY APRONS. "A" BOASTS RIC-RAC—"B" CHOOSES FRILLS." Designed for sizes small, medium and large. Small size requires 1⅞ yards 36-inch fabric for each apron: apron A, 6⅛ yards ric-rac braid and B, ⅞ yard ruffling.

Pattern 3758—IT'S A PROUD KIDDIE WHO WEARS THIS DAINTY FROCK THAT MAY TRIM ITS UNUSUAL BASQUE-EFFECT WITH RIC-RAC BRAID. Designed for children's sizes 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10. Size 6 requires 2½ yards 36-inch fabric and 1¼ yards ric-rac braid.

Pattern 3736—SO NEW—SO SLIMMING—THIS DAINTY "JABOT"-FROCK THAT EVERY MATRON WILL DEEM IT A "MUST" LIKE ITS TRIM PANEL-EFFECT." Designed for women's sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 39-inch fabric.

Pattern 3705—HERE'S A NOTE OF SMART INDIVIDUALITY FOR YOUR LINENS—DISTINCTIVE MONOGRAMS THAT ARE EASY TO EMBROIDER. LOVELY TO LOOK UPON! Pattern 3705 contains a transfer pattern of a 2⅝ inch alphabet, two 1¼ inch alphabets and a ⅝ inch one. Directions for correct placing of letters on linens; material requirements; illustrations of the stitches required.

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Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	***Breakfast***	***Breakfast***	***Breakfast***	***Breakfast***	***Breakfast***	***Breakfast***
Tomato Juice, Whole Grain Cereal, Toast, Marmalade, Milk or Coffee.	Sliced Pineapple, Cereal, Creamed Dried Beef, Melba Toast, Coffee.	Prunes, Cereal, Poached Eggs, Toasted French Rolls (Left-Overs), Coffee Substitute.	Canned Berry Juice, Cereal, French Toast, Broiled Bacon, Apple Marmalade, Coffee.	Sliced Bananas with Lemon and Orange Juice, Cereal, Bread-Crumb Griddle Cakes, Syrup, Coffee.	Oranges, Cereal, Eggs a la Goldenrod, Melba Toast, Coffee.	Grapefruit, Cereal, Soft-Cooked Eggs, Fruit Bran Muffins, Coffee.
Luncheon	***Luncheon***	***Luncheon***	***Luncheon***	***Luncheon***	***Luncheon***	***Dinner***
Cheese Pimento Soup, Grapefruit and Prune Salad, Oatmeal Cookies, Tea.	Mexican Tamales, Golden Salad with California Dressing, French Rolls, Apple Sauce, Oatmeal Cookies (Left-Overs), Tea.	Baked Beans, Raisin Brown Bread, Celery Relish, Pumpkin Tartlets, Tea.	Spaghetti Italienne, Steamed Spinach, Buttered Beets, Swedish Bread, Stewed Fruit, Cookies.	Oyster Stew, Crackers, Tomato Salad, Fruit Turnovers (Left-Over Pastry), Coffee Substitute.	Vegetable Soup, Virginia Succotash, "Crackling" Cornbread, Old-Fashioned Squash Cream Pie or Ginger Pears, Tea.	Baked Slice of Pork Shoulder, Cranberry Bananas Surprise, Buttered Spinach, Baby Gherkins Rolls, Apple Cake.
Dinner	***Dinner***	***Dinner***	***Dinner***	***Dinner***	***Dinner***	***Supper (Company)***
Baked Calf's Liver, Browned Potato Puff, Green Beans, Raw Cauliflower Salad, Salad Dressing, Apple and Raisin Brown Betty.	Broiled Round Steak, Stuffed Potatoes, Turnip Greens, Cornbread Sticks, Jellied Vegetable Salad, Salad Dressing, Apricot Turnovers.	Tomato Juice, Kernels of Pork, Glazed Onions, Sweet Potato Balls, Green Bouquet Salad Sticks, Chives Dressing, Fruit Compote, "Little Black Sambos."	Corned Beef with Vegetables, Mustard Pickles, Ice-Box Rolls, Apple Meringue Pie.	Salmon Loaf, Lemon Cup Garnish, Steamed Potatoes, Buttered Brussels Sprouts, Green Peas, Plaza Salad, Upside-Down Pineapple Cakes with Whipped Cream.	Irish Stew with Paprika Dumplings, Buttered Beets, Golden Salad in Lettuce Cups, Green-Cage Surprise.	Baked Acorn Squash Stuffed with Creamed Mushrooms, Swedish Bread, Cabbage Salad, Tomato French Dressing, Orange Pumpkin Tarts with Cheese, Herb Tea.

The Golden Rose

by Mignon G. Eberhart *Author of The White Cockatoo, Murder By An Aristocrat, Etc.*

(Continued from Page 18)

"There were a lot of noises," said Arnold. "People moving, talking, pushing back chairs."

"Yes, I know," said Mrs. Cramper-Farquarson. "But this was—a sort of click—small—I can't think what it was like—"

They waited while she frowned over her massive nose into space, finally, Lewis said: "What sort of click, Frances?" What was it? What makes you think it had something to do with the murder?"

She shook her head. "I don't know—it probably meant nothing. I only mention it because it was something I remembered as happening during that time while the dining-room was dark and when the knife could have been—disposed of. It was just a queer little click—that's all. But it happened then. And—" she said, vague for the first time in her life—"and it seemed to me, somehow, out of place. Wrong. But it was the faintest of impressions." She was annoyed at her own inadequacy, and there was a kind of apology in her tone.

"But we don't know exactly when the blood was—well, when it got in the water in the finger-bowl," said Arnold quickly. "All we know is Jennifer says it wasn't there when the bowl was put on the table. And it was there when Mort found it as he was about to serve coffee." He looked at Mort, and then at the cook, speculatively, and turned to Lewis. "What about Mort—and your cook? After all—"

"My servants are out of this," said Lewis. "At least, they are out of it until I have done what I have to do and the police have come. I am convinced that neither has anything to do with this and my conviction," said Lewis coolly and very definitely, "happens to be, at the moment, enough."

"But the elevator man!" hinted Boris suavely—"has he been here long? Did he know Rose?"

"No to both questions," replied Lewis. "He had no motive."

"But it does matter," suggested Boris, "how much he knows."

"Shall I telephone for him?" offered Arnold at once.

But Lewis definitely said no, and went, himself, to the annunciator telephone there beside the elevator. They listened, of course; it was a brief conversation, but they were all aware of the exact instant when the thin voice at the other end said something Lewis had not expected.

"Are you sure?" said Lewis crisply. And added: "Will you please come up here at once?"

To Be Concluded Next Sunday.

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Here is a miniature menu for your next after-bridge "snack": Cream cheese and prepared cranberry sauce sandwiches—fancy cookies—Black (Orange Pekoe or Pekoe) Tea.

Suggestions for unexpected guests:
Butter crackers spread with peanut butter, jellies, or meat pastes—frosted cakes—Tea (as above).

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